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No. 128.—Vol. X. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 16, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo] **The Countess of Shaftesbury and her children** [*Lallie Charles*

The new Lady-in-Waiting (in place of Lady Lamington), who has just returned from India with the Prince and Princess of Wales, on whom she has been in attendance during the tour. She has two children, Lord Ashley (right) and Lady Mary (left)

No. 128.—Vol. X.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"On the Spanish Main." By John Masefield. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Bombay Ducks." By Douglas Dewar. (Lane: 16*s.* net.)
"The 'Pope' of Holland House." By Lady Seymour. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Birthday Book of the Blessed Dead." By Katharine Tynan. (Hodder and Stoughton: 16*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Anthony Britten." By Herbert Macilwaine. (Constable: 6*s.*)
"Fenwick's Career." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)
"Heart's Delight." By Louis Tracy. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"By Wit of Women." By A. W. Marchmont. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"The Quincunx Case." By William Dent Pitman. (Ward Lock: 6*s.*)
"The Undertakers' Field." By Herbert Compton. (Bachelor and Benedict: 6*s.*)
"Tiny Luttrell." By E. W. Hornung. (Cassell: 6*d.*)

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
May 16, 1906

So the little German (?) scheme to open the Egyptian question on Moroccan lines has been dished. The British Foreign Secretary has flatly refused Ta-bah gain.

Abdul, of course, is disappointed. He has got nothing, while he hoped for a Grey-deal.

* * *

While other men, living at such a distance from England as Madrid, might content themselves with writing letters to their fiancée, the King of Spain, as he has just shown us, thinks nothing of dashing across to Osborne or London. Princess Ena, also, it is understood, prefers the service of the Royal Male to that of the Royal Mail.

* * *

Unless we are mistaken, there are, this spring, fewer cowslips, cuckoos, and jokes at the expense of the Royal Academy, than usual.

* * *

"The Colonies are naught to you," says a poetic address to Mr. Winston Churchill in the *Outlook*. Judging by the lectures which he has addressed to them, however, we should say that, to the Under-Secretary, the Colonies are not naught, but naughty.

The demand for flats is this year greater than ever—particularly, we understand, amongst City men.

* * *

"The Popularity of Braid," a headline in a contemporary, has no reference to the approaching Open Golf Championship, but to a feature of the present fashion in woman's dress.

* * *

The MS. of a story has reached a London publisher, says the *Book Monthly*, concealed within a log of wood. But there is surely no novelty in wooden fiction?

* * *

Mudie, a literary contemporary says, has subscribers in all parts of the world, with one or two exceptions, such as Greenland. Some writers would probably, however, welcome an extension of libraries to this quarter, with a view to discovering whether their books could possibly receive a colder reception than they get in this country.

* * *

It is rumoured that, as a result of the Birthday honours, Sir Weetman Pearson will go to the Lords. Although Sir Weetman will thus have to change his name, his promising "olive branch" will remain a peer's-son.

Educational "Tip" from Egypt: An "al fresco" school in a Cairo street

In the hot weather, it is the custom of many a native Egyptian schoolmaster to transfer his entire class and curriculum into the street, and teach the Koran on the pavement—much to the annoyance of passers-by. The tall youth standing by the side of the pedagogue is stationed there to keep his master awake, should he be overpowered by the heat, by administering a dig in the ribs

Rehearsing a Modern Love-Letter

(Being some effusions that were written, and one that was sent, from a Blushing Débutante to her season's sweetheart)

"Dear Old 'Yours Devotedly,'—I simply loved your letter. I can't answer your questions. I shall answer them with my eyes. But don't trust my eyes. I use them to make people find expression, although I am not a flirt. It would be better for you if I were. Yes—I like being called a 'poem in petticoats.' Good-bye till this evening.—*Votre bien devouèe*, Enid." (*This letter did the writer tear up, and consign to the paper-basket.*)

* * *

"Dearest Old Silly-billy,—Did you keep a copy of your letter? You have such a spontaneous method of crossing the t's and dotting the i's. I can't write 'I love you' on paper. How crass of you to suggest it. If you adore me, why do you talk so much of matrimony? I like to be adored, but you can't reconcile adoration with marriage. The worshippers of Minerva would not have gone to church nearly so often if they had to pay for her helmets. You may worship me without paying for my helmets, and if you show a proper discrimination as to the time and place I am willing to be kissed. Strictly speaking, this ought not to happen before your mother has called on my mother, or *vice versâ*. You may take me, however, to the Academy, and you may kiss me, if the cab goes up a side street—and it is a very cloudy day—at about 4.30 p.m. I don't like being called a 'poem in petticoats,' and I knew you would like me best in pink. All men are the same. Pink silk stockings have had a great deal to do with the weakening of the stock of British families. Why don't you play cricket?—*Tout à vous*, Enid." (*And this letter did Enid consume in the fender of the American radiator.*)

At the British Museum

She: "I guess the man who chipped that Clytie girl had us Amurricans in his eye"

* * *

"My Dear Old Humbug,—Whatever is the good of being artificial? You have gone out of your way so to write pretty things. They are rather ripping to read, but they never take hold of me and squeeze me. They pet me in a feminine, soft-handed sort of way. I don't want to be nursed and tickled. I have got an English passion for the big revolver, and the big hug. I don't want to inspire your poetry, because you would force me to pose, and be *spirituelle*. Wait, dearest, till you see me at breakfast in front of the sausage dish. My instinct tells me that you are really fond of bread and butter too. I'm very bread and buttery. If you preserve your present reverential attitude—and will not be natural—you will bore me to death when we are married. I adore aloofness at certain times, but you forget that I don't always wear evening frocks. Why, my dear boy, I have been known to wear flannel petticoats. Murder will out! . . . Of course, I think I love you, but that may be simply because you took hold of me by the scruff of the neck from the beginning. Sometimes you are gorgeously brutal and off-hand. And then, again, you look exceptional. It is such a great thing to have a husband one can recognise. The co-respondent is generally the very image of the petitioner. If I love you, of course I shall be your wife, that is if you don't mind my sister having married a Labour Member. But you are stupid to expect me to know now. Yes—you may kiss me if you are discreet. I was not really angry the other night. By the way, I never am angry.—Your very shallow little girl, Enid." (*This letter is even now in Enid's writing-case*).

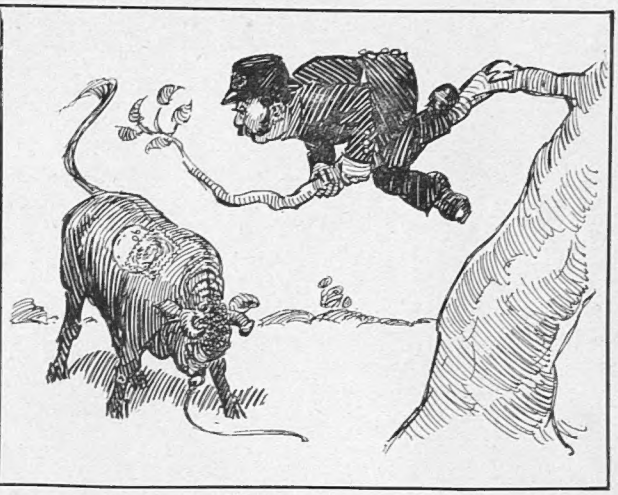
* * *

"Good Morning, Romeo, —It was rather a disturbing letter to get in the morning. I never feel affectionate in the morning, or, at any rate, not for an hour after I have looked in the mirror. Last night I thought that I should not like to go to Heaven, especially when you crushed me up so roughly. Now I take a more charitable view of the place. Last night was electric. This morning there is no voltage. Last night I was in silk This morning it is cashmere. Do you feel as intense in a lounge suit as you do in a swallow-tail? I'm glad you like my clothes. I like yours. Don't these two facts make you a little suspicious? Still, for the present, let us call it love. Your letter is a whirl of pretty words and caressing phrases. I wish I had read it before I got up, for your sake. I will answer your questions to-night if you wish to repeat them. I don't think you ought to repeat all of them, but if you don't, I feel that the evening will be dull. That is a frank admission, is it not? Don't call me your '*big* lovely darling.' I hate it. I know I am big, but you need not rub it in. It's such a dyspeptic word. Au revoir, *little* boy. —Enid." (*And this is the letter that Enid sent.*)

The Topictator

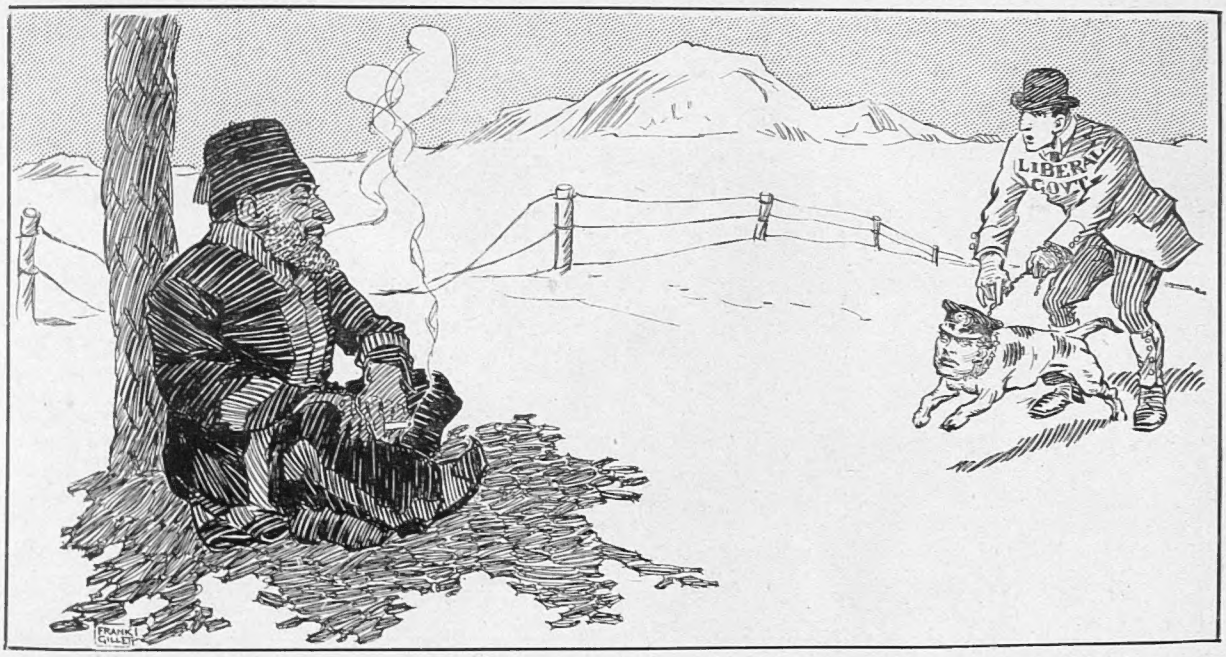
Prosit!

(This is the best our artist can do in the way of hitting off the Austrian, and he craves the indulgence of the reader)



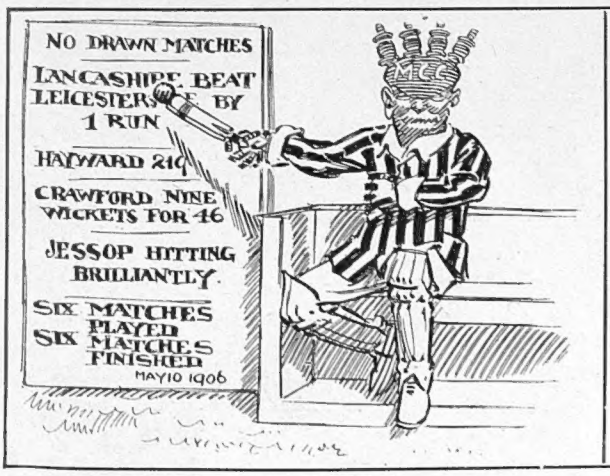
What we may expect

Mr. Rider Haggard hopes it will in time be possible to "put a stamp on a can of milk or a fatted calf or even a truss of hay, and post it to the dealer or consumer"—in which case, no doubt, we should hear sometimes of the mail being held up by one of its parcels



The Trespasser

ABDUL: "Hullo! New keeper?"
SIR EDWARD GREY: "Yes, my friend, but—same dog"



KING CRICKET: "Something like a start—eh?"

The old, old story

(The recent prosecutions of fraudulent theatrical agents show that stage-stricken youth is as plentiful as ever)

"Now, sir, for the merely nominal fee of ten guineas, etc., etc., etc."

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

A Brilliant Jubilee

Perfect weather, a brilliant crowd, and a splendid race. Briefly put, those were the features of Saturday afternoon at Kempton Park, which never presented a gayer or more animated scene. The presence of His Majesty, seemingly in the best of health and spirits after his trip to the near East, gave social distinction to the meeting on both days. The club members turned up in full force for the Jubilee. It was an excellent race to bet on, as "6 to 1 the field" was the order almost throughout. The feature of the wagering was the heavy run upon Silver Streak and Standen, while Ambition also shortened considerably in price. Donnetta was firm at "sixes" all along. You could have got that price without much trouble right up to the start, and I am one of the many who were surprised to find her returned at only 5 to 1. Of course, quotations vary considerably in different parts of the ring, but I question whether the present system of returning starting-prices for the papers is the best that could be devised. We were spared a tedious delay at the start, and Mr. Arthur Coventry got them away splendidly. None were left behind, and, as they came along in a mass to the bend, there was the usual scramble to get nearest the rails.

Photo *Rouch*

"Flair," winner of the One Thousand Guineas

How Donnetta Won

Standen could be seen prominently in the lead as they swept round into the straight, and his backers began excitedly to call his name. But the Jubilee is not won at that point, and the Standen people soon had reason to know it. Then "Ambition" was cried vociferously, but there was a little mare called Donnetta gradually working her way through close to the rails, with Maher riding her confidently and well. "Donnetta's won it," shouted the crowd, when they saw the black jacket and turquoise cap slowly but surely coming to the front. Manaton caused a moment's anxiety, and so did St. Wulfram, but a more honest mare than Donnetta never looked through a bridle. She resisted the pressure with splendid gameness, and won by half a length without apparently being stretched to the utmost limit. Ambition was a length and a half behind St. Wulfram, and it was satisfactory to see the City and Suburban borne out with such accuracy, confirming the impression expressed in these Notions that Donnetta was a better stayer than Ambition. A hearty cheer went up when Sir Edgar Vincent's mare triumphed, and there could be no question as to the popularity of the result with the public, who dearly love a game and consistent performer like the winner. A few days previously, the Chester Cup had been won by a strong favourite in Feather Bed, and these successes were refreshing after the many outsiders that had "turned up" earlier in the season.

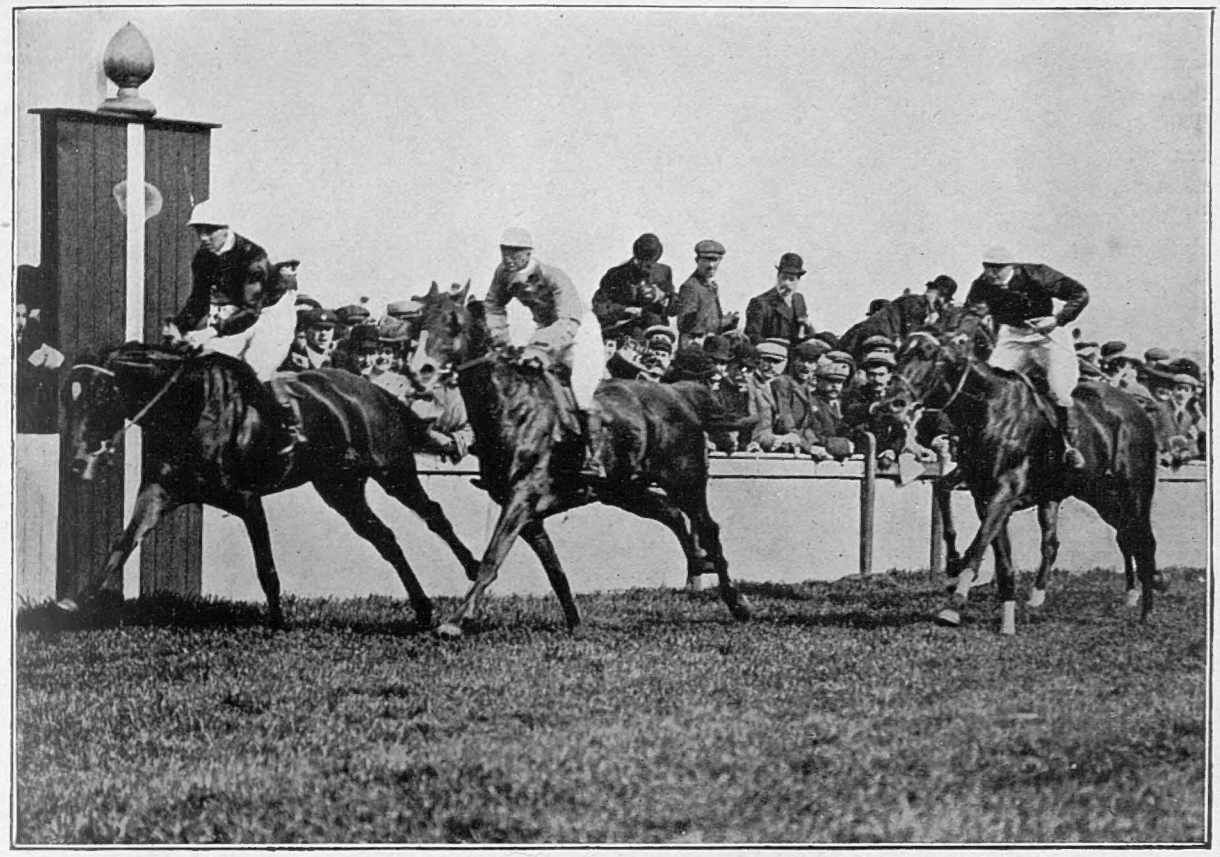
This Week's Races

Flair, that charming filly who is by no means unlikely to start favourite for the Derby, is not engaged for the Newmarket Stakes on Wednesday, so that Lally's task should not be of supreme difficulty. If he fails to acquit himself as well as is expected in this event, Flair will certainly advance into first request for the Epsom race. What has Lally to fear at Newmarket? First there is Marsh's pair, Nulli Secundus and Gorgos, and of these the former is a dubious starter, owing to the hardness of the ground. Then there are Malua, who is believed to have improved, and Troutbeck, who is advancing daily, and Bill of the Play, who was unlucky in the Two Thousand. None of the other probable competitors appear worthy of consideration. **Lally** ought to win on his two-year-old form, but if Troutbeck runs, a trifle on him may not be unremunerative. People who do not back favourites on principle have asked me to name the most likely outsider for the Derby. I tell them **Troutbeck.** The Payne Stakes on Thursday should be won by Sell; the Alexandra Handicap at Gatwick, on Friday, by Marconigram; and the Prince's Handicap, on Saturday, by Horn Head.

Something Good in Binoculars

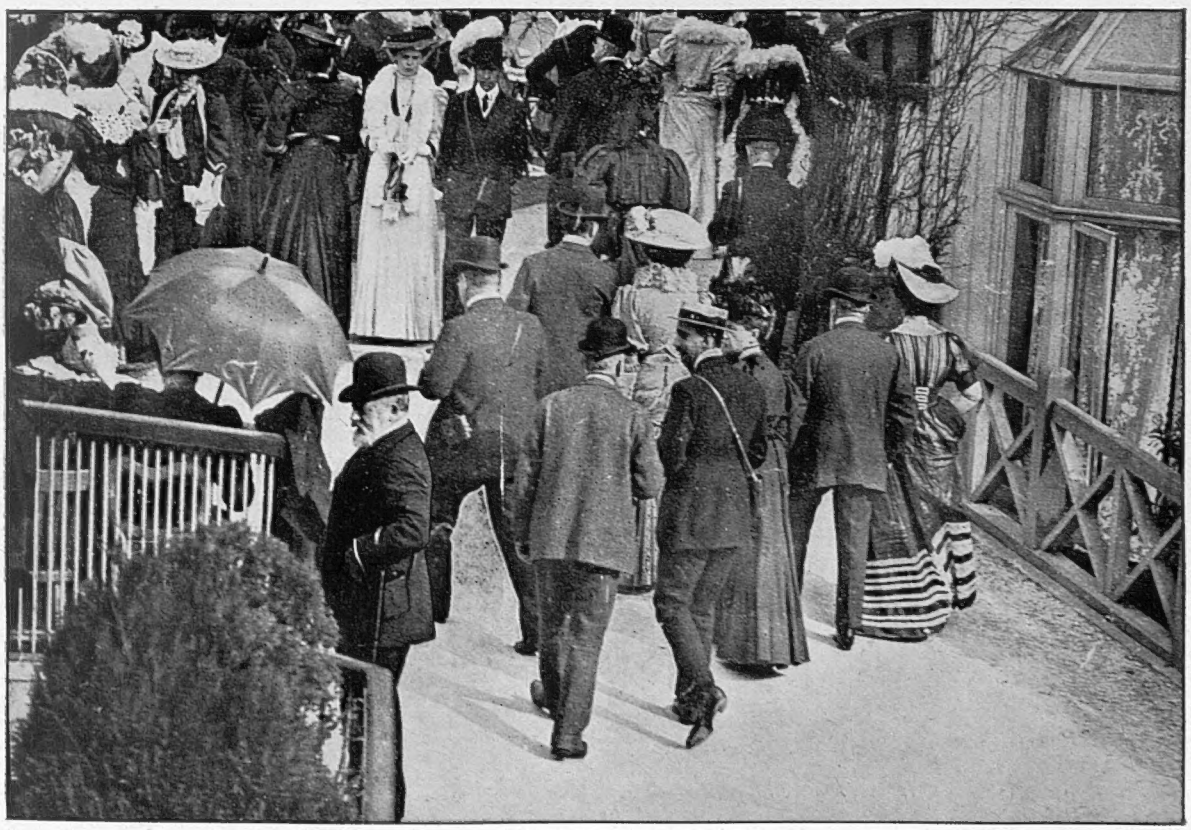
At the request of Messrs. Dollond and Co., we have submitted a pair of their 12-lens binoculars to our racing representative. "Carbine" writes that he put the glasses to a thorough test at the Kempton Park Meeting, and found them excellent. From the stands, they threw up the colours clearly of the riders at the start of the Jubilee Handicap. They are light to handle, and look very smart in their pigskin covering. Certainly the binoculars are wonderfully cheap at two guineas.

Scenes at the "Jubilee"



Finish of the "Jubilee" Handicap at Kempton

Donnetta passing the post, followed by St. Wulfram and Ambition. The win of Sir E. Vincent's mare, predicted by "Carbine" in THE BYSTANDER in our issue of May 2, proved hugely popular



The King amongst the crowd at Kempton on Saturday

As will be seen above, the King moved very freely in the paddock at the "Jubilee," which attracted a very large and brilliant gathering

Race Week at Chester

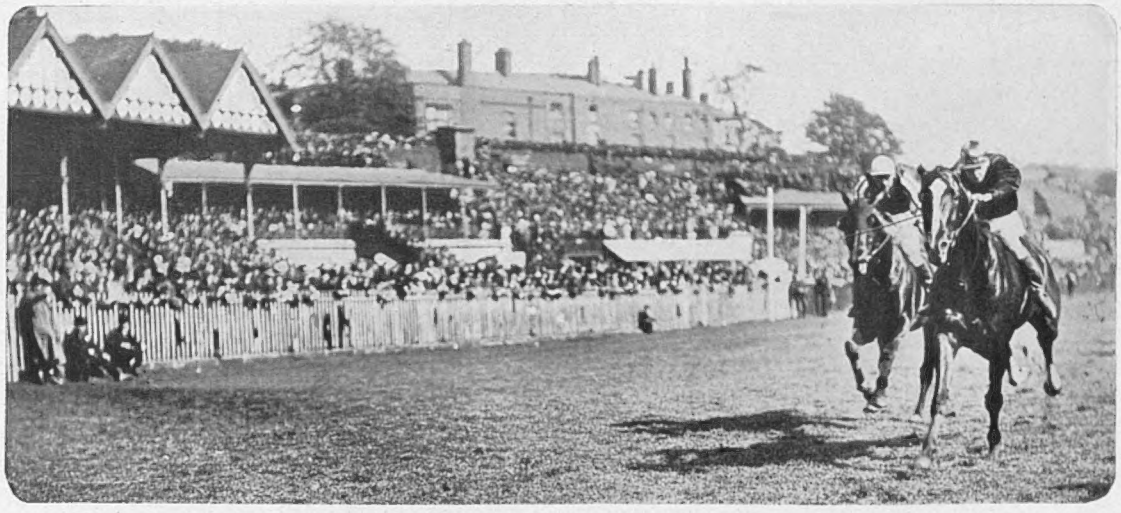
The Chester races last week were favoured with better weather, on the whole, than was Newmarket the week before. The opening day was gloomy and wet, but Cup Day enjoyed quite a burst of merry May sunshine. All the houses in the neighbourhood were full, while the officers quartered in Chester were entertaining on all sides. The biggest house-party of the week was, of course, at Eaton Hall, where the Duke and Duchess of Westminster have just returned after a three weeks' cruise in the Mediterranean on the Duke's new yacht, *Grianaig*. Their guests included Prince Francis of Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord and Lady Lonsdale, Lord and Lady Sefton, Lady Phyllis Hamilton, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, and Lord Enniskillen. Other people who had house-parties included Lord Arthur Grosvenor at Broxham Hall, Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, Lord Kenyon at Gredington, Lord Harlech at Brogyntyn, his family place near Oswestry, Sir Gilbert and Lady Greenall, and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn at Wynnstay.

At Newmarket this week, for the Second Spring Meeting, it is hoped the King will spend two or three days. Should he do so, he will dine with Sir Ernest Cassel at Moulton Paddocks on one night of his stay, and with Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild at Falace House on the other.

Photo Baker & Muggeridge

The Earl of Lonsdale

Who took an active interest in the races. Lord Lonsdale was a guest, at Eaton Hall, of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster



The finish of the Chester Cup

A satisfactory race, in fine weather, resulted in a win for Mr. O. W. Rayner's Feather Bed

Photos

The Duke of Westminster (right)

Who entertained a great house-party at Eaton for race week. The Duke and Duchess have just returned from a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean

Baker and Muggeridge

Mr. W. Bass and Mr. Washington Singer

Two owners of entries for the Chester Cup. Mr. Bass's King Duncan was generously tipped, but only came in tenth in the race. Mr. Singer's Torpoint, however, gained second place

ROUND THE TOWN

The Return of Royalty

The King and Queen are to be in residence at Buckingham Palace almost constantly for the next few months, and will go to Windsor Castle for a week or ten days at Whitsun. The King, I hear, intends to do his utmost—and that is a very great deal—to make up for the prolonged absence of the Court, and in this he will be helped by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who, however, as they are to make two more journeys—one to Madrid for the Spanish wedding, and another to Trondhejm for the Norwegian Coronation—will, of necessity, be again absent for the best part of the most important weeks of the season. The mourning the Queen is still in for the late King of Denmark will, unfortunately, prevent her attendance at almost every kind of function this season, and the effect of this, not only on the season, but on almost every branch of trade, is almost incalculable. The King, it is well known, is deeply averse to long periods of Court mourning, and no one understands better than he does the enormously adverse effect such mourning has on trade and his subjects in general; and, indeed, it is difficult to understand, in these enlightened days, why periods of mourning for foreign monarchs should be imposed for more than a week at the outside. Of course, the change of Government has had a good deal to do with the quietness of the present season, for I question whether even the most enthusiastic advocate of the Liberal *régime* would assert that it is, socially, either a brilliant or a successful one.

Photo] **Miss Randolph** [*H. Walter Barnett*

Married to the Hon. Lionel Lambart, second son of the late Earl of Cavan, last Wednesday. She is the step-daughter of Mr. William C. Whitney, of the United States, and a keen sportswoman

* * *

May Weddings

The prejudice against May weddings seems to be dying a natural death, for there were many big weddings last week, and there are many more during the month. On Tuesday, the 8th, Miss Isabel Littleton, daughter of Admiral and Lady Margaret Littleton, was married to the Rev. Mr. Salmon by the Bishop of London; on Wednesday, the wedding of Miss Randolph, the step-daughter of Mr. William C. Whitney and a very keen sportswoman, to the Hon. Lionel Lambart, second son of the late Earl of Cavan, took place; and on the following day, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Captain Edwarde Yorke, 1st Royal Dragoons, was married to Miss Violet Milner, the daughter of Sir Frederick Milner, at whose house, in Hereford Gardens, the reception was held. On the same day, the Hon. Arthur Coke, R.N., second son of Viscount Coke and grandson of the Earl of Leicester, was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Miss Phyllis Drury.

* * *

Sweated Industries at the Queen's Hall

Nothing but praise and gratitude can be offered to the proprietors of the *Daily News* for the means they have taken of bringing home to a not so much apathetic as ignorant public the awful and far-reaching evils of sweated labour. Everyone interested, if only in the slightest degree, in the labour problems of the day, should visit the exhibition which has been arranged by Mr. Richard Mudie-Smith at the Queen's Hall, and which is to go on until the end of the month, with the object of trying to "acquaint the public with the evils of sweating, and to cultivate an opinion which shall compel legislation that will mitigate, if not entirely remove, those evils." Women, I think, especially, should interest themselves in this exhibition, for, though they have no vote, they have that much greater force, influence; and I am sure that if they only once realised that it is on their fellow-women, and on the poor little children, that most of the horrors of the sweating system lie, they would not long be content to allow that influence to remain unused.

* * *

The Gourmets' Paradise

Soon it will no longer be necessary to go to Paris when one wants a decent meal, for I see the newspaper chroniclers of important events are all drawing attention to the appointments of famous *chefs* to the different London hotels. At Princes' the world-renowned *chef* and *maître d'hôtel* from the Hermitage at Monte Carlo are to be installed for the season; at the Berkeley, which, by the way, might be

Al Fresco Lunches for London

re-christened the "Veronique," so white and green and vernal are its new decorations, Rouget, the celebrated *chef* of the Café Armenonville in Paris, is daily serving up dreams of culinary art to his patrons; at Claridge's, Dr. Emil Reich is again dispensing platonics to the higher ranks of Society only; and I hear that at the new and palatial Ritz, which is to be opened next week, Mallet, the *chef* from the Paris Ritz, is to be installed. I also hear that a feature of this new hotel is to be the serving of dinners and lunches on the terrace overlooking the Green Park, and people are wondering whether this will affect the luncheon attendance on the verandah of the Hyde Park Hotel, at present quite the nicest place to lunch at in all London, when the sun shines and the lawns in the Park are green.

Photo "Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!" *Bolak*

A life-like version, presented at the Sweated Industries Exhibition at Queen's Hall, of the "Song of the Shirt" as it is sung to-day by hundreds of poor women in the East End, to the rhythm, however, of the sewing machine instead of the needle and thread

An Author in a Railway Accident

Mr. Robert Hichens is fond of hard work, but refuses to accomplish it anywhere save in a far remote spot of peace and quiet. Just now, he is staying at Taormina, intent on finishing his latest novel, a sequel to "The Call of the Blood." Besides his novel, Mr. Hichens will shortly publish two short stories; and, more important, he has just had a play, in four acts, accepted by one of the first of our London managers, which will be produced in the early autumn.

Whilst travelling in Italy, Mr. Hichens lately met his old friend, Miss Mary Anderson; but the meeting proved a momentous one, for they were overtaken that same day by an accident which might have cost them their lives, in a journey on the railway line between Naples and Raggio. However, author and ex-leading lady escaped with a shaking, although the carriage they occupied was smashed, and ten other persons in carriages to the right and left of them were badly injured.

* * *

Dances

To-night, Wednesday, Lady McIver is giving a dance at the Grafton Galleries; and yesterday Mrs. Grace gave a dance in Belgrave Square, at which she was helped by her daughter, Lady Donoughmore; Lady Des Vœux and Lady Esther Smith were both giving dances, the former having had to postpone one to have taken place earlier in the year. Next week, Mrs. Baxendale, Mrs. Thomas Butler, Mrs Mark Fenwick, Lady Maud Hastings, and Lady Ward are all giving dances; and on Thursday, Empire Day, Lady Lovelace has a dance at Wentworth House for her step-daughter, Lady Mary Milbanke, who is heiress to her father's barony of Wentworth, in reference to which it is interesting to note that the last Baroness Wentworth in her own right was Lord Byron's widow.

Two fixtures for Derby night are Lady Adelaide Dawnay's ball in Eaton Place and Mrs. Basil Lloyd Anstruther's dance at the Hyde Park Hotel, and on this day also the fancy dress ball for children, which Lady Anstruther has been organising, is to take place at the Queen's Hall. Lady Rosse (the wedding of whose daughter, Lady Muriel Parsons, to Colonel Grenfell

Some Merry-Month Marriages

will, it is expected, take place early in June), Lady Crewe, Mrs. Almeric Paget, and Lady Cadogan are amongst those who will give balls, but who have not yet fixed their dates; and it is hoped that the Duchess of Westminster, Lord Rosebery, Lady Londonderry, and, perhaps, the Princess of Wales, will give balls, though the Queen's mourning will prevent any of them being of a "Royal" nature.

* * *

Perambulating Emotions

Frocks, it has long been conceded, are the most important things in life. They are more vital than youth; more necessary than beauty; more consoling than genius. It was not, therefore, surprising to notice that the audience of women who filled Madame Lucile's white-and-green *salons* in Hanover Square the other day to witness, to the strains of soft music, an exhibition of her "emotional" gowns, was by no means a youthful one, and very few of the women present were in their first or second or even third youth. They looked, all of them, very *blasé* and rather tired, and quite determined to purchase as many second-hand emotions in frocks as their by no means limited exchequer would run to.

Photo *Johnston and Hoffmann*

Lady Duff Gordon

Madame Lucile, of gown renown, whose daughter by her previous marriage, Miss Wallace, makes her début this season. Her second husband, Sir Cosmo Duff Gordon, whom she married in 1900, is an expert fencer, who figured at the Olympic games

Madame Lucile, who is the author of these wonderful emotional gowns (gowns which, by the way, produce in husbands and other pursekeepers emotions of a decidedly mixed nature, not untempered with futile rage!), married, about six years ago, Sir Cosmo Duff Gordon, who, as an expert fencer, has lately distinguished himself at the Olympic Games by coming out the only man not "touched" by his German opponent. Lady Duff Gordon was a Mrs. Wallace, and is the mother of a pretty daughter, who is soon to make her début. Lucile started business life in quite a small way, with only eight "hands," but she now has some four hundred workers at her beck and call, and her fame as an artist in gowns is second to none. She is exceptional among London dressmakers in that she does not go to Paris for inspiration, but evolves all her models from her own fertile brain. Often Royal ladies are to be found amongst her customers

Photos] **Captain Edwarde Yorke** (1st Royal Dragoons)

Mrs. Edwarde Yorke (*née* Violet Milner, daughter of Sir Frederick Milner) [*Lafayette*

WHO WERE MARRIED LAST WEEK AT ST. MARK'S, NORTH AUDLEY STREET

Princess Louise as Play Producer

(though it certainly cannot be said that *they* go in for emotional gowns!), and she made the trousseau for Princess Margaret (lately of Connaught), whose baby son, Gustavus Adolphus Oscar Frederick Arthur Edmund, Duke of Westerbotten, has (as *Punch* says) been born. Cleverness of a kind, it is evident, runs in Lady Duff Gordon's family, for her sister, pretty Mrs. Elinor Glyn, is the author of the piquant "Visits of Elizabeth," and other works dealing with the troubles and impressions of equally naïve young women.

* * *

Royal Theatricals at Daly's

A performance, at which real live actresses will assist only by selling programmes, and, incidentally, by criticising their amateur and aristocratic sisters on the stage, is to take place at Daly's Theatre to-morrow afternoon in aid of Princess Louise's pet scheme, the Regimental Home and Benefits Agency, which does such excellent work in providing a home for disabled soldiers. The plays announced are: *A Marriage Has Been Arranged* and *My Friend the Chauffeur*, and amongst those who are taking part are the Hon. Ethel Cadogan, Mrs. Claude Hay, Mrs. Norton, Miss Wake, Miss Buller-Colthurst, Sir Simeon Stuart, Major C. E. Norton, Mr. H. Tennant, and Colonel Kelly. Princess Louise is supported by a strong committee, including Lady Hilda Keppel, Elizabeth Countess of Northesk, Lady Tennant, and Lady Wolverton; while the business management is being ably conducted by Major and Mrs. Norton. Mrs. Norton, at the time of writing, tells me that the boxes are not only all sold, but were applied for several times over, while only a few stalls are left at a guinea apiece, and if seats are required it is necessary not to delay a moment. As the actors and actresses are well known in the amateur world—and a little bird whispers that

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Lady Des Vœux

Who gave a dance yesterday (Tuesday)

Photos

The Hon. Ethel Cadogan

Who is taking part in the forthcoming Royal amateur theatrical performance at Daly's Theatre organised by H.R.H. Princess Louise in aid of Regimental charities

Kate Pragnell

Lady Tennant

One of the "managers" of the Royal amateur theatricals, who will be producing at Daly's and on tour *A Marriage Has Been Arranged* and *My Friend the Chauffeur*

The Royal Theatricals at Daly's

Mrs. C. E. Norton

Wife of Major Norton, who is one of the management of H.R.H. Princess Louise's theatrical performance (in aid of the Regimental Home and Benefits Agency) soon to be given at Daly's

Plague of Portraits at the Academy

there is little their professional *confrères* can teach them—the public will not only be assisting a deserving institution, but will be seeing a good thing. After Daly's, it is the intention of the little company to start on a small tour, to include Aldershot, where Sir John and Lady French are making all arrangements, and Windsor, where Lady Esher and Lady Alice Stanley are managing the business part. Various famous actresses will sell programmes, while Mr. Alfred de Rothschild is lending his private band to perform between the acts.

* * *

A Surfeit of Academy Portraits

I really think, taking it all round, the Academy is a little better than usual this year, for, out of the some thirteen hundred pictures, there are, perhaps, three or four which are beautiful, a dozen which show great merit, and another dozen which, removed from their present cruel environment, might turn out to be really quite good, only these last are not strong enough to overcome their surroundings. The very worst feature about this year's show is the superfluity of portraits. Tom Jones, Esq., Mayor of Little Puddington, with a red nose and a red face, and a gold chain like a ship's cable across yards of scarlet chest; Mrs. Isaac Huggenheimer, resplendent in diamonds, pink satin and shoulders; Professor Caleb N. Muggins, of Cincinnati, O., U S.A., and so on *ad nauseum*—all pictures one sometimes has to see and to admire in the dining-rooms of one's friends; but at that Home of British Art—the Academy—it is just a little too much to be surrounded by all these commission-painted portraits of ugly men and still uglier women.

It is this year an Academy of realism—of a sort! Not the realism of a Rodin, or of any other master since the world began, but of small things, and entirely inartistic ones; of huge white motor-cars, peopled by Noah's Ark figures; of realistic blue silk stays, and of laboriously painted materials and pearls and Japanese screens; but nowhere is there any breadth of conception or glory of outline. Of romanticism, there is none; even Mr. Byam Shaw's picture—of which, by the way, the most noticeable part is his signature—cannot be said to belong to this category. There is, however, an attempt at romantic subject-painting in Mr. Frank Craig's "The Heretic" and in Mr. F. Roe's "Martyrdom."

* * *

Some Pleasing Pictures

The most pleasing pictures in the rooms are "The Blue Gown" of Mr. George Henry, which is painted quite in the French style; the "Hush" of Mr. J. H. Lorimer, a picture which, in its exquisite restfulness, seems to be reproaching the shrieking, crowded "Ever-Open Door" of Sigismund Goetze, which hangs just above it; and several little pictures, few of them more than a foot square, in Gallery IX. Whether or not their charm is enhanced by the fact that one has only just escaped from the full-length portraits of dull and ugly people in the other rooms is a moot point; they are, anyway, quite charming, especially Miss Katherine H. Righton's "Saturday Night"; "Battledore" and

Photo] **Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., painting the portrait of Lord Darnley into his canvas of Agincourt** *[Lewis Biggs*

The celebrated artist, who is a Volunteer Captain, has been "obliging" some of his fellow-officers by including their portraits as warriors on large canvases of great historic battles, of which the above is an example

A BOUDOIR CONFIDENCE

"But why have you broken your engagement?"
"Well, I simply couldn't marry a man with a broken nose"
"Ah, I wonder how he got his nose broken, poor fellow!"
"Oh, I struck him accidentally with my brassy when he was teaching me golf"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

Grieg's Visit to London

"Patience," by L. Campbell Taylor; and "The Answer," by Val Davis. It seems rather a pity, also, that the late Mr. Abbey's "Columbus" should have been chosen as an example of his work, for it shows him at anything but his best. There are very few examples of the nude, and the few there are could not well be worse, so far is the British School behind in this the greatest of all forms of painting.

* * *

Picture Heroes of Agincourt

Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., is, in one respect, at any rate, emulating the great masters. As we know, those admirable worthies used to take as models for the characters of their noblest canvases their numerous friends and acquaintances. Well, Mr. Wyllie, who is a Captain in a Volunteer Regiment, has been gratifying the martial vanity of some of his brother officers and their friends by, if you please, painting their portraits into a canvas as warriors on the field of Agincourt! Our photograph, on a previous page, shows Lord Darnley undergoing the decidedly *piquant* sensation of being pictorially enrolled in the ranks of the Plantagenet gallants, which will, no doubt, prove hugely impressive.

* * *

"Opera-Glowers"

At the Opera, nearly everybody is praying for the speedy close of the Wagnerian series, which has been calling us to Covent Garden at tea-time and compelling us to listen for hours in utter darkness to none-too brilliant performances of the *Ring* and *Tristan* without cuts. The illumination of the auditorium at some of the operas, by means of pocket electric lamps carried by numerous auditors — opera-glowers is the name for them—is a sign of the general revolt against Bayreuth conditions in London. One contends that there should be a lighting-up rule for Wagner cycles as there is for those of all other makes.

* * *

The Visit of Edvard Grieg

Elsewhere, the musical world has thrived excellently on concerts, especially those given by the Queen's Hall and London Symphony Orchestras of afternoons; while the visit of Edvard Grieg, for two concerts on Thursdays, the 17th and 24th respectively, is likely to be well supported by the Norwegian composer's countless admirers. I imagine that to hear Grieg conduct his own *Peer Gynt*, with the blood-curdling Mountain Dance ("the cobolds pursuing Peer Gynt"), will be *the* personal musical event of the season.

Dr. Edvard Grieg

The famous Norwegian composer, whose first concert at Queen's Hall takes place to-morrow (Thursday). Grieg will, amongst other things, conduct his famous *Peer Gynt* suite

Grieg, as his photograph indicates, is a typical Norseman, inasmuch as he has the fairest of possible hair and the bluest of possible eyes; though not in the matter of stature, for he is a tiny little man. But, then, a composer who writes such tiny little music, in which dwarves, and elves, and sprites, and gnomes, and other tiny creatures figure so very largely, could not, with any degree of suitability, be other than tiny himself. He has a big soul, nevertheless, and no musician, perhaps, has appealed more surely to the British heart since Mendelssohn than the man who wrote "Solvejg's Song" and "Ich Liebe Dich." And being, also, very fond of cradle-songs, and wedding marches, and funeral dirges —he is Music's registrar of births, deaths, and marriages — he has another sure claim to popularity. By the way, is Grieg to write the Coronation March for King Haakon and Queen Maud this summer? The duty should surely fall to him, though I imagine his countryman, Christian Sinding, would make a brilliant thing of it, should Grieg disappoint.

Mdlle. Italia Conti

A charming Italian actress, who is appearing in a new play at a Stafford House concert this season, with Mr. Henry Ainley and others

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Stafford House Novelty

The Stafford House season this year—perhaps the most brilliant of all the private musical rendezvous —is to include a novelty in the shape of an interlude, by Lady Alix Egerton, entitled, "The Princess and the Stranger," in which that promising young histrionic artist, Miss Italia Conti, and Mr. Henry Ainley will appear. Miss Conti has been touring with Mr. F. R. Benson in rôles of the Mrs. Patrick Campbell genus, with, I hear, considerable success.

BYSTANDER.

A VISIT TO "EARLS COURT"

ONE OF SPIERS & PONDS' DAINTY AUSTRIANS

"ME A N'AUSTRIAN"?
"WOT OW"!

MESSRS MASKELYNE AND DEVANT'S
TEMPLE OF A THOUSAND EYES

PAY YOUR TWOPENCE
AND CARRY YOUR OWN MAT

Miss B. QUEEN OF THE
BEES AND ANTS.

THE TYROL VILLAGE IN THE
EMPRESS HALL

THE SALT MINE LIFT
OUR SAFETY WAS GUARANTEED
BUT WE FELT VERY NERVOUS

THE
SIRENS
CAVERN

THE SIRENS WERE NOT PRESENT ON THE OPENING DAY
BUT WE SHALL EXPECT SOMETHING LIKE THIS

THREE TYPES OF THE
GENUINE ARTICLE

THE SALT MINE SLIDE.
WHERE THE LAW OF GRAVITY IS FORCED UPON YOUR NOTICE.
THE SIGN BOARD INDICATES THAT YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO
SLIDE UPWARDS

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES

The PLAYHOUSES

Haymarket Theatre

"OLF AND THE LITTLE MAID"

The funniest play now running in town, *The Man from Blankley's*, has now past the fiftieth night of its revival at the Haymarket Theatre. To mark the event, Anstey's comedy was preceded by a playlet, written by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell), entitled *Olf and the Little Maid*. A few days before the production I chanced to read a new volume of short stories by this writer. Without encroaching upon the domain of my *confrère*, I would like to pay passing tribute to the charm of these stories of English country life. A faint suggestion of the same charm is to be found in the little play. One can imagine how well Mrs. Blundell would have expressed the story through the medium she knows best. But the stage, except to a most practised dramatist, requires more robust materials than Mrs. Blundell has supplied in the incident of a yokel's supposed accession to wealth from a Dutch lottery ticket. It is an artless little piece, which affords Mr. Sydney Valentine and Miss Dorothy Minto fair opportunity of displaying their gifts for characterisation and comedy. And that is about all.

A wonderful make-up

Mr. Tyrone Power in *The Redskin*, with which he has recently been starring in the States. Mr. Power, an Englishman by the way, is one of the foremost actors in America. Next season he opens in New York in Miss Marie Corelli's dramatisation of her book, "Barabbas"

Miss Corelli's New Play

It may be news to many that Miss Corelli is engaged upon a dramatisation of her book, "Barabbas," and that the play will be produced by Mr. Tyrone Power in New York next autumn. *The Sorrows of Satan* has, of course, been played, but the fair and distinguished author was not in that case responsible for the dramatisation. It is to be hoped that the play will also be seen in London. Dramatic critics, at any rate, will look forward to the production with mingled feelings. Who can tell but that they will, like their brother reviewers, have to bear the heavy yoke of Miss Corelli's displeasure? Mr. Tyrone Power is too little known in England, except, perhaps, as the bearer of a great theatrical name. He has made but fitful appearances over here since he played with the Augustin Daly Company. In America, on the other hand, he occupies a most distinguished position. It is a commonplace of American theatrical history that Augustin Daly, by not allowing him to play Shylock, robbed him of a chance of greatly distinguishing himself. Since that day Mr. Power has, time and again, exhibited the talents of a great actor. "Wait till he appears in London in a really good play," is the burden of his admirers' song.

Earl's Court Exhibition

THE OPENING DAY

The Earl's Court Exhibition brings the very best out of a Londoner. It makes him frivolous. It is impossible to be staid and sober-minded when bands are playing, the flying machine is flying, and Paddy, in an Austrian uniform, is using every endearment to induce you to patronise his side-show. If these influences do not combine to give a spring to your tread and a tilt to your hat, just consider the waitresses. The wonderful manner in which they contrive to dissociate themselves from the character in which they are dressed is unspeakably funny There is a struggle in their breasts. It is a case of Pull Tyrol, Pull Lyons. But British respectability overcomes thoroughly the bad foreign influence. One realises that the Lyons' waitress has vindicated her dignity in a most trying situation. After such a victory she is unconquerable. Blacken her face and dress her like a Swazi, and she will, while struggling with a tray-load, still uphold and insist upon the thorough-going respectability of the British young person of the feminine sex.

But to talk of tea-providers is to get ahead too fast. The first business of the opening day was luncheon—and a capital luncheon, too—with everybody, from the Lord Mayor and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to your humble servants, the artist

and the scribe, in the merriest of moods. If the day had been dull and the menu indifferent—and neither was the case — the toast-master at this inaugural luncheon would alone have sufficed to inspire hilarity. He was the most highly finished and delectable toast-master it is possible to conceive. Sousa could be made to appear clumsy only by proximity to the toast-master. With wand delicately poised, he drew from different quarters of the crowded luncheon-room the rarest silences. Like Ariel, he circled round the chair of the Lord Mayor, now darting his wand over the mayoral head to pierce the clatter of a little knot of waiters near the entrance way; casting the very spirit of silence now on the prompt side of the Quadrant Restaurant, now on the o.p. side, by graceful sweeps of his wand over the mayoral ears. A very master of deportment this grey-haired, majestic-faced, slim and scarlet-bodied toast-master. The flavour of a most excellent vintage of hock (is this an Austro-Hungarian wine?) has passed away, but there remains the memory of this prince among toast-masters.

The chief glory of the Exhibition (if they would only open it on a Sunday!) is the charm of what I may call its open-airiness, and there are some who go so far as to boast that they have never been in a side-show, and only know the character of the exhibits by the name given annually to the Exhibition. But, for amusement seekers, there is every species of diversion. The principal attraction finds a home each year in the great Empress Hall, and here, it must be confessed, disappointment greets the expectant. Canvas and paint can do much, but they cannot shed a glamour upon the Tyrol village. The first thing that strikes one about the Tyrol village is the top cloth, the next is the colours upon the panoramic cloth, white mountains in one part, red mountains in others. There is no illusion. This is a pity, but it could not be otherwise. You cannot suggest wide expanses with canvas and paint. On the other hand, Venice, with its winding canals, its little finicky bridges and houses, was peculiarly adapted to scenic artifice.

But there is plenty to make up for a not too successful Tyrol village. The management seem to have realised the fascinations of sliding, and this sport can be practised both at the Helter-Skelter Lighthouse and the Salt Mine. E. C. S.

Photo *E. H. Mills*

Miss Rose Stahl

The noted American comedienne, who has been remarkably successful throughout the United States in the title-rôle of a sketch named "The Chorus Lady," and is now appearing at the Palace Theatre

Photo **One of the most charming plays now running in London: "Prunella" at the Court Theatre** *[E. H. Mills*

PIERROT: "These are my friends, merely mummers"

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

King Edward at the Grand Palais

The King has evidently enjoyed his unofficial visit to Paris. He has dined with the President and one or two intimate friends, has driven through the Bois in beautiful bright sunshine, and has passed a morning in the two *Salons*, and gratified the Parisians by the interest he showed in the paintings and sculpture. I happened to be at the Grand Palais while the King was walking through the sculpture exhibits. It was quite early, there were not a dozen people in the building; the King smoked a cigarette and appeared delighted with all he saw. And nobody snapshotted him. "The light is not strong enough," I heard a photographer lament, within a foot of His Majesty; a remark that was no doubt heard, as there was a twinkle in the Royal eye as he alertly mounted the grand staircase.

* * *

After-Effects of the May Day Scare

Every day new stories come to light in connection with the recent scare. Some of these stories are extraordinary, like the one of the lady who bought two calves, which, to the surprise of her neighbours, were heard bleating in her back yard; and that of the well-known baron who had his bath filled and stocked it with live fish. Everybody, however, is not satisfied. There are the frightened citizens with a quantity of provisions on their hands, and the dismal prospect of living for the next few weeks on preserved vegetables and potted meats. Then there are the Parisians who ran away panic-stricken, and now regret their folly. But the most crestfallen are the gentlemen who provoked the scare by persuading the higher classes that France was on the eve of a revolution. Unfortunately for them, the dreaded day passed off quietly, and their manœuvre made them lose many adherents. In their eagerness to give trouble to the Government, they forgot that a man cannot be in Brussels and in Paris at the same time; and that the runaways could not be here on May 6. May 6 was the day fixed for the first poll; and nothing could induce the noble runaways to return to Paris to register their votes. In vain was it represented to them that all danger was past; that it was their duty to assist their party; and that they had to show themselves heroes. The "heroes" never stirred from their hiding-places. "Either there was danger," was their reply, "and, in that case, it is not over; or we were told a cock-and-bull story, and we do not see the fun of voting for a party that made us look ridiculous in the eyes of France!" Thus spoke

Photo] **The Elections in France: Troops preparing to keep order at the voting** *[H. Frampus and Co.*

Elaborate preparations which, fortunately, were not wanted as the polling took place in perfect order, save at Cannes and some other provincial places, and resulted, as in England recently, in a large Radical-Socialist majority

Photo *H. Frampus and Co.*

The French Elections: Strolling posters

During the Paris polling men were seen walking about and impressing voters by means of legends attached to their hats and persons generally

many of the runaways, and, for once, they were not wrong. But the most incensed of all are the tradesmen, whom this campaign costs something like eight million pounds sterling. They, too, will not forget the trick played upon them by the Opposition Press.

* * *

King Peter and His Press Cuttings

A couple of years ago, a rich old lady, afflicted with a deformed foot, refused, under some futile pretext, to accept a pair of boots specially made for her, whereupon the bootmaker wrote to her that if she did not pay for them within four-and-twenty hours he would present the boots to the Orthopædic Hospital, with a label bearing her name. The letter had its desired effect. Equally energetic, but less fortunate, was the Argus Press-Cutting Agency in their dealings with His Majesty Peter the First of Servia. When he was called to the throne, he was anxious to know the world's opinion about him, and instructed the before-mentioned Agency to collect all Press cuttings, whereupon the Argus opened its one hundred eyes, and, in a few weeks, gathered together a collection which, as regards quantity, would make a primâ-donna jealous. By His Majesty's command, the collection was bound, and the manager of the Argus himself took fifteen volumes to Belgrade to present them to his Royal client. There a terrible disappointment awaited him. The King of Servia, lacking in humour, gazed with horror and indignation at the collection, wherein English, French, German, and Swiss caricaturists had displayed their wit at his expense. Whilst the Argus clamoured for its money, the King was roaring threats inside his palace, declaring that nothing would induce him to pay a cent for these volumes. When the Agency threatened to exhibit these morocco-bound books, the King shouted: "I don't care, as long as they are not exhibited before me!" And now these 30,000 cuttings will be sold by auction here, and the sale will no doubt attract many amateurs.

* * *

A Queer Story of Subtraction and Abstraction

A little while ago I informed you that an impecunious nobleman here had a play performed which had no success. Everybody knew that the needy manager who produced it was paid for doing so, and people wondered how the money had been raised. Now the story has leaked out, and a queer story it is. The impecunious nobleman, it appears, asked his impecunious son to help him. The son, on excellent terms with a lady, a millionaire's wife, applied to her husband for assistance. The sum required, he said, was 60,000 francs. The lady took her husband in hand, and, under some pretence or other, obtained from him a cheque for that amount. Being a little short herself, she cashed the cheque, put 10,000 francs in her own pocket, and handed her friend 50,000 francs. The latter, always hard-up, promptly appropriated 20,000 francs, and placed the balance of 30,000 francs in the hands of his impecunious father. He, the old gentleman, then drove to the needy manager, and laid 20,000 francs on the table. "That is excellent," said the manager; "we will do wonders with that!" And in the books of the theatre he entered the sum received as 5,000 francs, and kept the rest.

Lancelleyzer

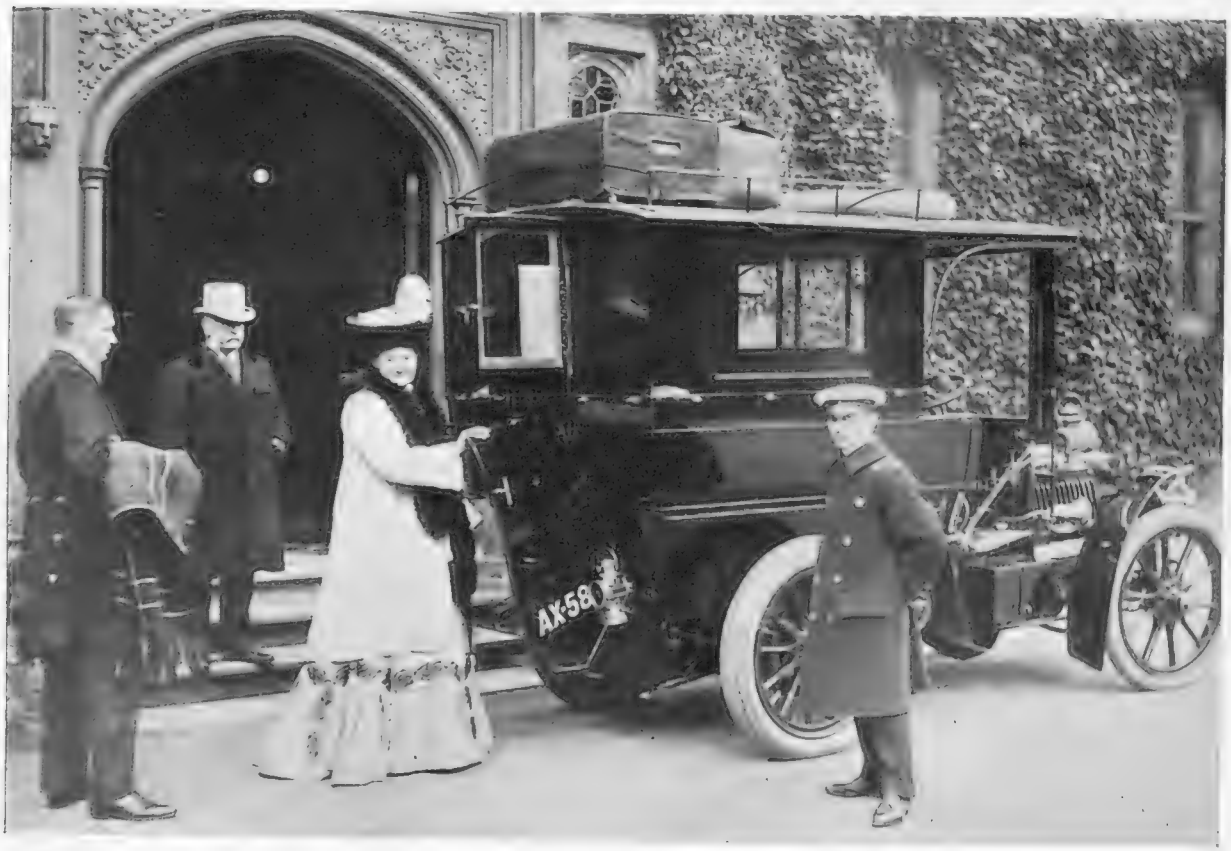
SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

LORD LLANGATTOCK'S MONMOUTHSHIRE SEAT,

THE HENDRE

"The Hendre," Lord Llangattock's Monmouth seat, recently brought into curious publicity as the scene of a private ballooning party, is irregular in shape and style, built of brick and stone, and is ivy-covered. The features of the house inside are the great hall, with its large organ, an instrument to which Mr. John Rolls, Lord Llangattock's eldest son, is greatly attached, and plays extremely well; the dining-room, with the large family pictures; the billiard-room, with its tapestry and curios; and the smoking-room, with its huge carved oak fireplace, on which is inscribed, "Good Baccye to Smokye." Then there is the long, narrow, cedar-panelled corridor, filled to overflowing with Nelson's relics and other valuable mementoes of Milton, Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Johnson, and others, collected by Lady Llangattock. At the end of the corridor is the enormous cedar library, with its quaint inglenook fireplace, its pictures of Lord and Lady Llangattock and their son and daughter; while around the room, and between the great stone mullioned windows, are a most valuable collection of books and treasures. The drawing-room is more like a museum than a sitting room, and here there is much china and several historic articles, including Queen Charlotte's harp and a curious crown worn by Norwegian brides. Lady Llangattock's room is characteristic of herself, for a glance shows that this is the room of a busy woman. Filled from end to end with a thousand interesting objects, it is a bright, cheery room, overlooking the lawns on the South side, and through which one passes to the oak parlour. This little oak-panelled room is always used as a small dining-room, and, like all the other rooms, is full of curiosities, as is also the chamber

Wat Tyler's boot
One of the many historical curiosities in The Hendre



Photos] **Lord and Lady Llangattock entering their motor-omnibus at The Hendre** *[Leonard Willoughby*

The Hall at The Hendre, containing the fine large organ

of horrors, which leads out of here. From end to end, the house teems with interesting curiosities, and nearly everything is of great value.

Lord and Lady Llangattock are down here a good deal, especially during the shooting season—for the shooting here is excellent, and Lord Llangattock is an exceptionally fine shot. No more popular couple are to be found in the "West Countree" than are the owners of The Hendre, for their kindness and generosity is unlimited. LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

The Hendre: The Library (built in cedar wood), containing an inglenook fireplace and stone-mullioned windows

Seats of the Mighty

Photo

GENERAL VIEW OF THE HENDRE, LOD[illegible] LL[illegible]

hty: The Hendre

LLANGATTOCK'S MONMOUTHSHIRE SEAT

Leonard Willoughby

The Connoisseur.

SOME EARLY ENGLISH PANELS

The blessing of St. Ursula by the Pope

The virgins listening to the Saint

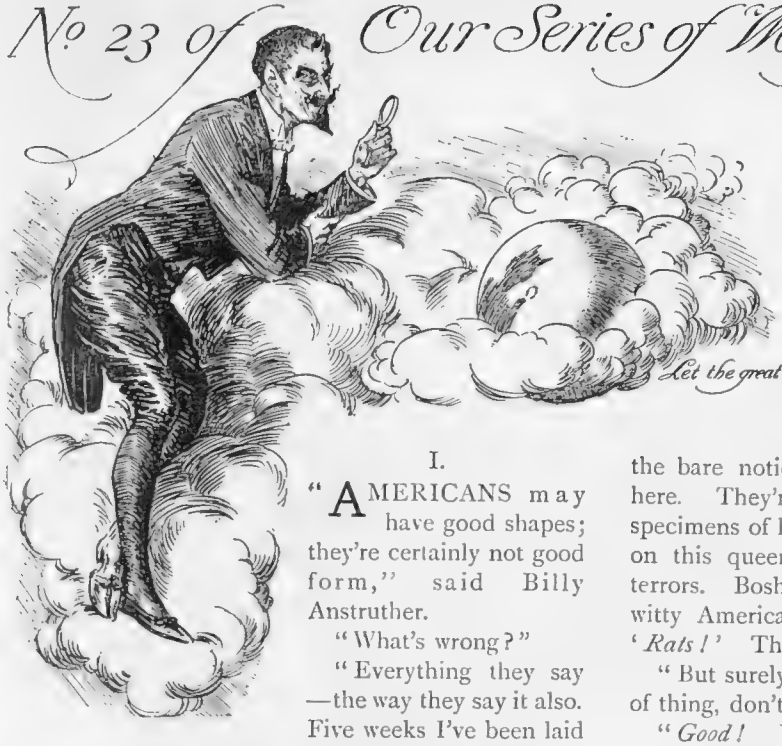
One of the most honoured of English saints on the Continent is still the gifted Ursula, the daughter of King Deonatus, who fled from the importunities of a British prince—with the somewhat problematical company of eleven thousand virgins — to receive a crown of martyrdom in a foreign land. Four of the main incidents in the story of this Saint are shown in the Gothic panels, of which we give photographs. These paintings, although recently obtained from a Spanish convent, are remarkable as examples of English work of the first period. Their condition is extraordinarily good, and the evident care with which they have been preserved proves that they have been in a Catholic country during the centuries since they left the painter's hands. At the present time they are being exhibited at the Spanish Gallery, in Conduit Street, where they can be examined to advantage. St. Ursula has been fortunate in the early pictures of her life, which have been preserved, for there is no more remarkable series of pictures than that by Hans Memling, which tells of the life and passion of the British virgin, and decorates the *chasse* of her shrine now in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges. These four panels, by an unknown English painter, are of the same period and of equally historic interest.

E. M.

The trial of the Virgin

Her death, surrounded by her followers

No. 23 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



An International Flirtation

By LOUISE MACK

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

I.

"AMERICANS may have good shapes; they're certainly not good form," said Billy Anstruther.

"What's wrong?"

"Everything they say—the way they say it also. Five weeks I've been laid up in this beastly hotel with this beastly sprained ankle, and not a soul to speak to but these beastly Americans. I'm glad my old aunt didn't come. She offered to, but I couldn't afford to let her see me in such a rotten bad temper."

"So she wrote and begged me to come instead."

"Jolly decent of you. As I say, everyone I've met here these beastly five weeks have all been Americans."

"Result?"

"I'll never look at tea again, since tea played a part in America's becoming Amurrica."

The two Englishmen had the great *salon* of the Hotel Manners to themselves. The month was March. Florence was in flower. The rest of the hotel was out doing the place. In shaky open carriages the hotel visitors were dashing up the Via del Colli to the loveliest of piazzas overhanging the loveliest of cities, where David stands eternally gazing across mountains into the mysteries of Italy's warm dawns and moonrises and sunsets. There the visitors—mostly Americans—spent three minutes seeing all Michael Angelo's errors, and rapidly putting them all right; then down they dashed again into the fair, bright city below, flew to the rose and white Campanile, exclaimed, gulped guide-books, and admired, embraced the Duomo coldly, tore round to Santa Croce, found Dante's monument, Buonarotti's tomb, stared, ejaculated, gulped at more guide-books, felt they had assisted in the great construction, spiritually and materially, and were off to the Bargello, ordering their *cocchiere* to pass on the way the Piazza Signoria, so that they could "get in"; also, without stopping, the Perseus, and other statues standing in the open Loggia for him who drives by to read.

These were the people among whom Billy Anstruther had spent his last five weeks.

"Stay here three days," continued Billy, "and you'll never go to America. You couldn't stand the notion, the bare notion, of any multiplication of the people here. They're simply the crudest, most uncooked specimens of humanity ever turned out of any country on this queer old globe of ours. They're just fair terrors. Bosh about the pretty, charming, daring, witty American girl! My reply to that is simply, '*Rats!*' The prettier they are the worse they are!"

"But surely they're awfully good, and all that sort of thing, don't you know?"

"*Good!* Who cares! The thing is, they're positive, they're bumptious, they're obvious, and when a woman is that, she might just as well be a school teacher, or a lecturer on Women's Rights, or as ugly as sin."

"Or as virtue."

"Or not exist at all—her wisest course."

"Sonny, you're a trifle severe."

At that moment, a party of women and a stray lean man or two came streaming into the *salon*.

Long blue and brown veils flew out on the air, fluttering like flags, though, in truth, flags were unnecessary for such a self-announcing procession.

Brown gowns and blue gowns, admirably made in dark cloth or serge, clothed most of the ladies, and their high-held heads were topped with little round straw *toques* of the same colour as their gowns, with the aforesaid fluttering flags attached.

"My!"

"Mighty large room."

"Presume this was the salong of Pauline Buonaparte."

"Plenty of room for company."

"Guess these paintings on the ceilings are by somebody."

"And that carved marble mantel, guess that's by somebody, too."

"See here! The fireplace is by Benvenuto Cellini."

"Does the guide-book say so?"

"It does, too."

"See here, this cushion has a crown on top of the monogram. Looks like a P."

"Is it hand worked?"

"I can't tell unless I see the back."

"There's a small hole at the corner. Pull it open a little and try and see if it's hand worked."

"Guess this heating won't seem much after ours."

Another "Worldly" story next week

(All rights strictly reserved)

"I always keep my rooms at seventy."

"I keep mine at seventy-five."

The proprietor came in.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, you see our *salon*; nice big room. The ceiling is by Benvenuto Cellini."

"The ceiling," cried feminine voices galore.

Their eyes rushed frantically to their guide-books.

The two Englishmen, who had been watching and listening, rose simultaneously and made for the smoking-room.

They sank side by side on the lounge when they got there, breathing as if they had had some narrowish escape.

"The proprietor, MacInnes, is Scotch, poor devil," said Billy.

"No match for guide-books and American ladies."

"Hope he takes it out on the bill."

"A hair-raising crew! How they took possession. I never saw that equalled, except by dealers at an auction sale. Ceilings, walls, fireplaces, cushions, all their own."

"And now they're making it a bit warm for him. Fixing the prices, and giving him the heat of their rooms in Noo York and Shickago."

"Billy, what on earth brought you here? Florence is well set up with hotels."

"I came because I knew McInnes's people at home. How was I to know he'd bought over an American connection from the last proprietor?"

II

Time, the same evening.

In the *salon*, down by the great Cellini fireplace, Norah Clay and Maysie Andover sat chatting. They were all alone in the vast room, leaning back in deep chairs that hid them entirely from the back view.

The second dinner-gong had gone. All the rest of the hotel were either already in the long *salon de pranza*, or were hastening thither as rapidly as lifts or tourist feet, spurred on by tourist appetites, would carry it.

A plain woman may be expected early; a pretty one comes just in time; a beautiful woman is as late as possible.

Norah and Maysie were acting on their beauty's prerogative, and making the most of the empty *salon*, with its great height and length, its dim tapestries and painted ceilings, along which Pauline Buonaparte, as Aurora, drove a rosy chariot, attended by innumerable gay attendant maidens.

A huge fire of logs leapt in the wide fireplace

"I believe there are some Englishmen here," said Maysie, toasting two very tiny feet

"I've never really known an Englishman," said Norah.

"I knew one once; he was a queer thing."

Here Billy Anstruther entered the *salon*. Not seeing the figures in the armchairs, he sat down to wait for Carrington.

"Did your Englishman say things were 'beastly ripping'?" said a clear voice.

"Yes; and 'rotten.'"

"Maysie!"

"They all do; that's nothing."

"How vulgar."

"He said worse than that."

"What?"

"Putrid."

"Was he fishing?"

"No, he was speaking of a dance he'd been to."

"What class did he belong to?"

"I never discovered. He was staying with some perfectly lovely people at home. He often called things or people '*nasty*.' He thought nothing of using that word—they use it wholesale in England, I believe. Yet he was *mighty* shocked when I said 'bloody.' He nearly jumped out of his skin."

"Why?"

"Goodness knows. There's an English prejudice against it. That's all I can make out."

"But if your finger has blood on it what *are* you to say if you cannot say 'bloody'?"

Billy bethought himself to draw attention to his presence, but at that moment Carrington came in and began loudly: "Come along, old boy. I expect those beastly Americans, as you call them, will make hay of the dinner if we don't look sharp. You were right; they are out-and-outers. Their hideous voices in the corridors——"

He stopped blankly. Billy was making signs.

"We're not alone," muttered Billy.

Norah and Maysie had risen. For a moment all four stood staring at each other. Then the girls moved. They swept down the room like two princesses out of a fairy tale. Their lovely young heads were held high. Frilly gowns of chiffon and lace surged with them down the *salon*, high-necked gowns with elbow sleeves and long trains, spelling Paris in unmistakable letters.

Norah was fair, with grey eyes and light gold-brown hair, and a wonderful complexion, as fragile and transparent as a young child's. Maysie was dark, with blue-black hair and violet eyes, very tall, and very slim. They each had a distinction of carriage that any princess might have envied, moving with a subtler grace than is usually found in their countrywomen, that is to say, holding themselves like Americans, but managing their carriage with the ease of a Frenchwoman, and thus ridding them of the stiffness that might otherwise have characterised their gait.

"Who are they?" gasped Carrington.

"I don't know. They must be new arrivals. Aren't they utterly ripping."

"Gorgeous."

"You *did* make an ass of yourself."

"I?"

"Yes, talking loud about Americans. *They* were Americans. Yes, and they heard you."

"Oh, I say!"

"But I say, Carrington, they have got an idea of Englishmen. I overheard their talk. By Jove! they were running us down."

"Billy, if they're Americans I'm for America for ever."

"Ripping, ripping," acquiesced Billy, privately turning over in his mind the best and quickest means of making the acquaintance of the two beauties. Know them he would, he must.

"I'd like to give them a decent idea of Englishmen,' he said.

Meanwhile, Norah and Maysie swept on down to dinner.

(Continued on page 340)

Sport and the Camera

TROUT-FISHING IN SCOTLAND

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY WARD MUIR

(Continued from page 338)

"Did you hear them?" said Maysie. "*Beastly* Americans! My goodness!"

"I'd like to teach them a lesson," said Norah.

"My dear, they're not worth it."

"I'd like to teach it to them, all the same," said Norah.

"What would you propose to teach them?"

"Something they'd never forget," said Norah.

They were very young. Norah was eighteen, Maysie nineteen. They looked at each other and laughed.

III.

Over the stone balustrade, looking down on Florence, Norah and Billy were leaning, with their heads fairly near together.

Behind them, in the middle of the high Piazza Michael Angelo, stood the statue of David. Before them, far, far below, lay Florence.

"Spring-time and Florence! Surely both glad things unto the spirit saith," quoted Norah, looking down on the city.

"Is that Browning?" asked Billy.

"No. Why?"

"Everyone's so great on Browning here."

"Have you read him?"

"Can't say I have—as far as I remember."

"How funny!"

Norah gave a little laugh.

"What's funny?" asked Billy.

"As far as I remember," said Norah.

"Well, you know what I mean," said Billy.

"Not always," said Norah.

She looked sideways at him. Meaning and mischief mingled in that swift flash of the blue eyes, as well as a little malice and much coquetry.

"You're as hard to understand as Browning sometimes," said Billy, giving her a good square unmoving gaze in return for that tantalising fragment of a glance.

"Hadn't you better improve your knowledge of Browning before you compare us?" said Norah, her tangled lashes on her cheeks.

"May I not improve my knowledge of you instead?"

Norah smiled. "I presume you don't care for poetry," she said airily.

She had noticed before that when she said "I presume," Billy's mouth contracted unconsciously.

"Ah, you didn't that time," she cried inconsequently.

"Didn't what?"

"Contract your lips when I said 'I presume.' It's an Americanism that jars, isn't it? There are hundreds of others, are there not? Come, tell me. *Are* there many others? Do the things we say seem very ugly to you Englishmen?"

Billy's blankest manner suddenly asserted itself in the face of danger.

"Don't they say 'I presume' in England?"

"England's a free country."

"Don't they say 'Pleased to meet you'?"

"They ought to."

"If they cut their fingers, do they say it's —— ?"

"Let's go and look at the David."

"But what do you think of us?" persisted Norah.

"I've changed my opinion."

"That's very bald."

She had a long, dancing, pale pink feather in her big pink hat. A little breeze from the Arno wandered up—the pink feather fluttered wickedly. A tendril or two of Norah's gold-brown hair danced softly to keep it company. Billy photographed her on his brain. She was the prettiest thing he had ever seen, bending over the brown balustrade in a white cloth gown, with a pink parasol, and the big, pink, floppy, feathery hat made determinedly for the destruction of mankind. And she was American, and he had met her at the Hotel Manners.

"It breaks my heart to think of going back and leaving this," she said.

A band was playing at the great white barracks below, across the Arno. The strains crept up and added another touch to the poignant thrilling beauty of the hour and the place.

"Why go then?"

"Perhaps I have work to do."

"What work could *you* do?"

"Perhaps I keep a school."

Billy laughed.

"I should think you had just left one," he said, teasingly.

"Perhaps I serve in a shop."

"I hope you're not going to ask what my work is."

"What is it?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, but you must do something. I'd so like to know. Tell me without my asking."

"I'm Master of the Greyshire Hounds; that's about all I do."

"Do—you like it?" she asked vaguely. She fancied he brought that out with an effort.

"Very much."

"You look after the hounds, you mean?"

"They're in my care."

Silence a minute.

"Are the hounds dogs?" asked Norah.

"You mustn't call 'em dogs, *never* call 'em dogs," said Billy.

"Do they belong to you?"

"Oh, no, I'm only in care of them. Belong to Greyshire."

"And where do you look after them?"

"At the kennels; I live there."

Norah looked at him—a piercing, piteous look. She was not by any means the first young woman who had found Billy Anstruther exceedingly good to look at, but she was probably the first who had ever tried to discover in his face what she was looking for just then.

"Tell me when you've finished," said Billy, coolly. "I want you to listen to something."

He leaned nearer. His blue eyes plunged into hers. They lost themselves utterly, for a minute, in those grey depths shining behind tangled forests of black lashes.

Norah started up.

"I'm cold; let's go home, quickly."

She had turned away from the look in Billy's eyes. She began to chatter eagerly. Without a single pause her tongue kept going, going, going, till they were well within the hotel.

(Continued on page 342)

At the Royalty Theatre

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Burnand

As a Spanish dancing girl, in the comic opera, *Castles in Spain*, at the Royalty Theatre

(Continued from page 340)

Straight to Maysie's room she flew.

"Maysie," she burst in, "I give it up."

"What's happened?"

"Something *awful*."

"You've carried the game to—to its finish."

"Yes, it's finished."

"You mean——"

"Oh! no, no He's a groom!"

"A what?"

Maysie sat up on the sofa, where she lounged in a chiffon tea-gown, and her book fell to the floor with a bang.

"A sort of groom. He minds dogs for other people. He calls it Master of Hounds, and he lives in the kennels."

"My goodness!"

"He told me himself; perhaps I rather forced it out of him."

"Norah! How awful. How does he come to be staying here? He makes money by it, I guess. You'll have to—to stop, Norah. You mustn't play any more."

"No," said Norah. "One doesn't try to make a groom feel small."

She looked pale.

"Perhaps it's just as well," said Maysie. "Imagine how mad your aunt would be."

"Yes," acquiesced Norah.

"I believe he was just going to—well, fall in love with you."

"Oh, no," said Norah.

Maysie was utterly nonplussed. For the last five years she and Norah had been at school in Paris. They knew nothing of England, except an occasional trip to London, the least English place in the kingdom. To the young all things are possible. And so the extraordinary anomaly of this good-looking young Englishman being a sort of groom, yet retaining an appearance of breeding, was not to be rejected, as they would both have liked to reject it, with contumely and aspersion.

"I always think the housekeepers and the shop-people in London speak like ladies," said Maysie. "He *looks* a gentleman. But I believe it's *impossible* for us to know. So did that Mr. Phibbs who was here last week. Mr. Carrington and Mr Anstruther both scouted the idea But he looked it. In America, he would have been—he would, really. How are we to know? They say a gentleman's a gentleman all the world over. Rubbish! He's different in every country in the world. Mr. Phibbs had nice, quiet, refined manners. He was well dressed. He always seemed at ease, and spoke beautifully. Yet they said he was an 'outsider.' Oh, I give it up! No, I could have sworn Mr. Carrington and Mr. Anstruther were gentlemen, though they haven't much style when they're introduced to anyone, and don't even say 'Pleased to meet you.' Yet they look real elegant."

"He's a dog-keeper," said Norah, staring miserably into the fire.

Maysie rose. She was quite excited.

"I wonder what Mr. Carrington is," she said. "Norah, we've been fools; utter little idiots. To-night, playing the game, as we walked along I looked in a shop window and saw a meerschaum pipe. 'Oh, I'd like to buy a couple of dozen of those for my father,' I cried. 'A couple of dozen,' said Mr. Carrington surprised. 'Yes, they'd look well in his window,' I replied."

"Did he squirm?"

"He didn't turn a hair; I watched. But why should he. If my father's a tobacconist, his friend's a dog-keeper. And he—what's he?"

"Perhaps he's a tobacconist himself," said Norah. Maysie looked annoyed.

Next day Maysie and Norah sat up in their aunt's room a great deal. For air, they took the lift up to the terraza on top of the hotel. They lunched and dined in their own rooms. Never once did their adorable faces flash on the visions of the two men. And that went on for three days

"What on earth can it mean?" said Billy, at the end of the third day.

"I don't know. Unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Don't jump at me like that, Billy. Unless Miss Andover is keeping out of our way because of the revelation about her father's business."

"Their fathers can go hang."

Billy was very badly in love.

"Your aunt," said Carrington, faintly. "And Lena."

"My aunt's my blessed aunt, and Lena's my blessed sister, and I'm myself," exploded Billy. "What do I care about things of that sort. I want Norah. I want Norah! She lovely. She's adorable. She's not English, that's all. Look here. In England when we marry Americans we don't expect family. We know there isn't any in America. They may say there is—that there are old families and young ones, but they're all the same to us. From our point of view no Americans have family. And ain't we jolly glad of it? Doesn't it save us awful bother? Doesn't it make it easy for the Duke of D. to marry a pork-butcher's daughter? The fact is, all Americans are more or less alike to us. The very difference is in the gilding. If Norah's father's a tobacconist, I'm sorry. I'd rather he wasn't. But I'm dammed if I can help it."

"It's Maysie, not Norah . . . But I haven't an aunt," said Carrington.

But Billy was gone.

He wandered down into the vestibule with some notion of interrogating the *portière*, who, like all Italian *portières*, always knew everything, and a little more besides.

There, in the vestibule, stood Norah. She was surrounded by luggage, evidently the property of the little man at her side.

A flutter agitated the hotel. The *Direttoire* flew about excitedly, the *portière* had a red spot on each cheek, the *facchino* looked dazed, as though he had just received a ten-lira note, and many waiters flashed in and out as though their hopes had suddenly risen high. Evidently there was something special in the hotel's welcome to this new arrival.

Billy hastened towards Norah. It was she. She was prettier than ever. She was pale. She was

(Continued on page 344)

A Portuguese Sylvan Staircase

The Scala Santa, in the grounds of the Bussaco Monastery, Portugal

The woods of the Monastery (now an hotel), penetrated by this remarkable ascent of stone steps, are a thousand years old, and contain some magnificent cedars, oaks, eucalyptus, and palms. The hotel is fifteen hundred feet over the sea, and commands views for fifty miles

(Continued from page 342)

a little careworn. Their eyes met, blue eyes and grey. Hers were frightened for a minute, then courage flashed into them.

"My step-father, Mr. Wakers—Mr. Anstruther," she said.

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Wakers.

His look pierced the young man to his prehistoric foundations.

Billy saw a small, dried-up man, with grey eyes like gimlets and a mouth of colossal firmness. Where had he seen that face before? It was strangely, quite remarkably familiar. Then he remembered. He had met it in photographs, in journals, and newspapers hundreds of times over. It was a face the whole world knew. For a moment he almost reeled. Then his eye went aside to the huge trunk. Inscribed in white letters were the words "Sage S. Wakers."

Sage S. Wakers was one of the biggest millionaires in the world.

"I believe I've met you before," the little big millionaire was saying.

Norah trembled. Was it at the kennels? Did Billy have a coat on?

"Was it at Lady Crayes?" said Sage Wakers.

"Ah, yes! I remember perfectly. At my aunt's, Lady Crayes."

A cry from Norah. The men turned and looked at her.

"I thought you were a groom," she gasped.

Billy's fair face went dull red.

"You said you lived at the kennels, and groomed dogs and things."

Mr. Wakers stared with alarm at his lovely step-daughter. Her mother, herself a young and lovely creature, was preparing to bring her out in New York this season, under the impression she was as sane as she was pretty.

"My dear child! What do you mean?" he said.

"She means," said Billy softly, looking into Sage Waker's eyes, "Master of the Greyshire Hounds, sir."

For a moment a silence reigned, like the stillness before a storm breaks.

Next moment Norah was fleeing from the crack of that laughter. Like a wild thing, up stairs and down corridors, never pausing till she flung herself into Maysie's room.

"Father's down in the hall roaring with laughter, and Mr. Anstruther is just splitting his very sides. I guess they've won, Maysie. Mr. Anstruther's no more a groom than we are. His aunt is Lady somebody; and oh! what fools we've made of ourselves. We meant to teach them a lesson, but I guess they've made us learn one instead."

"You never can tell about Englishmen," said Maysie crossly, but she looked immensely relieved.

LOUISE MACK.

PORT-GROWING ON THE DOURO

The Quinta do Zimbro Vineyards on the Upper Douro

This is in the heart of the port-growing district. The illustration shows the terraces of the vineyards on both sides of the river

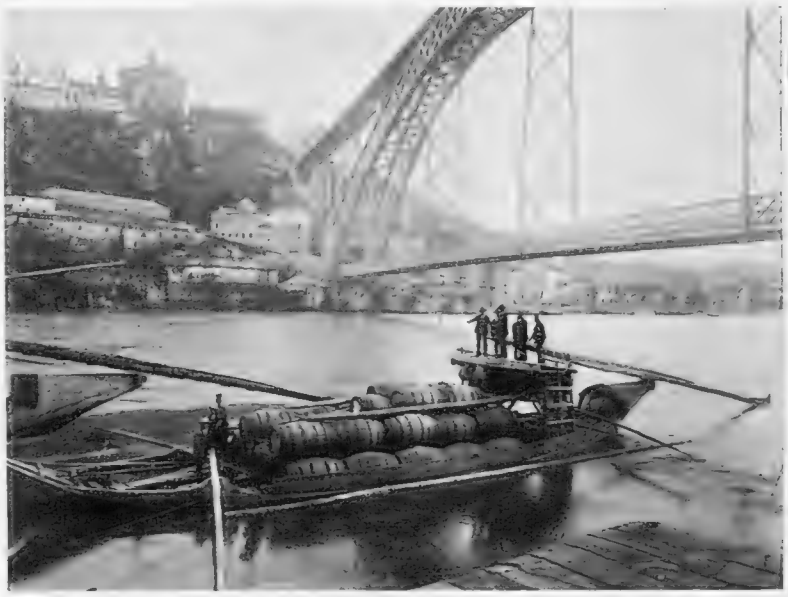
Vineyards of the Upper Douro

A Visit to a Little-known River

Wherever you go in Portugal you see the vines. Every little yard and garden has them, trained over supports of wood, stone, iron—anything that comes in handy, even the pollarded oaks of the roadsides. But the grapes from which port is made are grown in quite a narrow stretch of country, and you must travel for sixty miles up the River Douro before you come to it.

The journey is worth the making. The scenery is magnificent. The Douro rolls a turbid torrent between mountains clothed with pine and olive and eucalyptus. On the lower slopes there are orange orchards, and all along the river, the white, red-roofed houses, sometimes grouped into a town on the banks of the river, sometimes huddled together into a hillside village, clinging to a craggy shoulder of the mountain, sometimes alone, guarded by cypress spires, with the brown ribs of the vineyards about them to show the reason for their building.

The railway runs by the side of the river, first on one side and then on the other, to the frontier. When the district of the Alto Douro is reached, there are the vineyards and "lodges" of the port-wine shippers, whose headquarters are in Oporto. The produce of the vintage is bought each year from the surrounding farmers, and made according to the directions of the purchasers. It is then brought down to the central "lodge," whence it is carried to Oporto, now chiefly by rail, but sometimes in the long, shallow Douro boats, and stored in the great vaults and sheds of the Villa Nova. Water carriage is made expensive by the fact that the Douro is so swift a river that when the boats have taken their cargo to Oporto it is a difficult matter to get them back again; but you may still sometimes see them, laden with their piled-up "pipes" of wine, and skilfully guided by the long oar-rudders.



A Douro boat laden with pipes of wine at Oporto

Showing the long oar-rudder and the platform from which it is manipulated. The iron bridge was built by Eiffel twenty years ago at a cost of £82,000. On a line on the opposite side of the river is seen the Convento da Serra do Pillus, from which Wellington made an unexpected crossing of the Douro in 1809, and drove the French under Soult out of Oporto

Vineyards on the Hillside

The vineyards of the Alto Douro are nearly all built up on terraces, as the hill slopes are too steep to be treated in any other way. The making and planting of a vineyard is a very expensive matter, and since the days of the phylloxera scourge, many of them have gone out of cultivation. The vines are pruned down to the dimensions of gooseberry bushes, and the quick yearly growth of each plant is supported by a little palisade of sticks. The pergolas and shady vine-hung walks of the lower river are not to be seen, and there is some loss of picturesqueness for that reason. But the scenery of rock and river and mountain slope is so fine that the loss is not of much account.

Some of the vineyards have delightful houses on them, to which their owners repair from time to time to overlook the cultivation of the vines, and at which they spend a week or two at the time of the vintage. The old traditions of hospitality are kept up too, and no more charming place exists for a visit than one of the "quintas" of the Alto Douro.

A Portuguese bullock cart

Haulage is done throughout Portugal by these primitive carts, which have never been altered since the earliest times. The axles are of wood, and in the country districts the peasants allow them to creak, believing that the noise they make keeps off the evil spirits. They can be heard for miles, and sound not unmusical

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. C. K. Hutchison, Huntercombe Golf Club

Mr. C. K. Hutchison seems destined, if all goes well, to pick up the mantle which fell from the shoulders of the gifted and lamented Lieutenant Tait. He has not yet attained the highest achievements at golf, but he is still on the sunny side of thirty, and is considered by eminent judges as the most likely candidate among the younger division for Championship honours. Last year he fell a victim in a close match in the first round at Prestwick, but this is a fate that may befall even the greatest amateur in an eighteen-hole match in a tournament where all the amateur talent is striving for the mastery. His admirers look confidently for a performance this year at Hoylake more in consonance with his great powers, and he may certainly be looked upon as one of Mr. Graham's most dangerous competitors in the forthcoming Championship.

Mr. Cecil K. Hutchison

The celebrated Golf Champion, whose chances for the forthcoming Amateur Championship are very promising

The record of his feats is already a long and honourable one. In 1903 he won the St. George's Vase at Sandwich, and has represented Scotland for the last two years in the International match. His style is very solid and concentrated, and seems most admirably adapted for sureness and certainty. The moment one sees him address the ball one feels convinced that good results are going to ensue. He plays every department of the game in the same consummate style, and joins to a very fine long game a brilliant exposition of all the shorter strokes. In a word, he is master of all his clubs, as he has well shown lately by his extraordinary score of 69 at Sandwich in a private match during the late Easter meeting of the St. George's Club.

He has won medals on most of the great Scottish courses, but his name in these later years has been most closely identified with the rise and fame of the Huntercombe links.

He is a great believer in Logan's genii mid-irons and mashies, a lucky thing for Logan, who could wish for no better advertisement of his clubs than use by such a master of all iron clubs.

Mingay's Liquid Core Ball

A new ball has just appeared, which bids fair to to put an end to further litigation by Haskell and Kite Companies, if indeed there still exists any intention of carrying that famous legal battle to the final tribunal of the House of Lords. The "liquid core" ball has been invented by a Mr. Mingay, who is, I am told, a well-known amateur in Scotland, where he plays principally on the Edinburgh Braids Course. One of these balls was given me to try the other day by Mr. Lockwood Brown, the head man at Messrs. Lilly-white's, of 24, Haymarket, who are the sole firm in London at present retailing them. He gave me a great account of the ball and told me that there had been quite a run on it, the demand exceeding the supply. He quoted Jack White as saying that the ball went further than any other. As I write, I have on my desk two specimens of this wonderful ball, one with which I have played half a dozen rounds without impairing either its vitality or symmetry, although it has had one or two severe tops, the other cut open to reveal the secrets of its internal arrangements. The outer shell is composed of gutty highly rubbered and is quite thin. Then there are the usual rubber threads, varied in this case by some broad strips of thin rubber. The centre or core is composed of a tiny bladder, something like the bladder of a football, and this is filled with liquid and tied at the neck with rubber thread. It is a wonderfully true-flying ball, and strikes me as holding its course better than any other rubber ball I have yet played with, but I do not think it has such a free or light feel as the Kite and Haskell when hit by wooden clubs. For putting, the new ball is absolutely delightful. It is a big ball, of about the same size as the old twenty-eight gutty, and runs with extraordinary smoothness and accuracy off an iron putter. We shall, no doubt, see during the Amateur Championship how the new ball gets on. In the hands of a master of the short game, like Mr. Sidney Fry, it should prove a great weapon of offence and defence.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Missed It!

The putt that MIGHT have saved the match, but just didn't

(Can any reader guess which of the group is the player's partner?)

DRAWN BY THE LATE R. C. CARTER

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"The Pope of Holland House." Edited by Lady Seymour. (Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d.)

"The Complete Cricketer. By Albert E. Knight. (Methuen.)

Fiction

"Fenwick's Career." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder: 6s.)

"Parson Brand." By L. Cope Cornford. (E. Grant Richards: 6s.)

"Simple Annals." By M. E. Francis. (Longmans: 6s.)

Are Authors Growing More Useful?

Rather a healthy sign in latter-day publishing is the increase in the number of "private" books. Lives and letters of deceased notables, intimate histories of families and houses, records of individual travel and exploration, are none the less praiseworthy because only written by private people, for private people, about private people. After all, the general reader has been, and is being, dosed enough by those "tribesmen" of Mr. Kipling's Academy speech, who are "afflicted with the magic of necessary words." That awful *Times'* book sale, which, in this year of disaster, has so fittingly followed the 'Frisco earthquake, alone goes to prove the appalling cheapness of general literature. The uprising of a keen, energetic race of bibliographers, engaged in foraging out remote facts for the edification of the select few is prophetic of a new spirit of usefulness in literature. It shows that not every writer now writes with a view to notoriety, and it is the beginning of the end of the idea so fondly cherished of late years that every recruit in the army of ink-slingers carries the fountain-pen of a Marie Corelli in his knapsack.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

A clever lady author and playwright

Miss M. E. Francis (Mrs. Blundell), whose book, "Simple Annals" (Longmans), and play at the Haymarket, *Off and the Little Maid*, have been produced simultaneously

A Forgotten Celebrity

The latest to add itself to the number of these "private" books is *The Pope of Holland House* (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.*), Lady Seymour's selections from the correspondence of John Whishaw and his friends, 1813-1840. I do not suppose many of the general public would be attracted to the records of a parliamentary permanent official of the Georges, with literary leanings, and this fact it is which makes Lady Seymour's book all the more enjoyable to those who love to tread unbeaten tracks. Whishaw was able, in his letters, to throw sidelights on the things political and literary of his time, which well repay the reader who likes to study history from the standpoint of a contemporary. In Whishaw's letters, for instance, we have criticisms of Byron, Scott, Moore, and others, giving the first impressions of their work as it appeared. To learn, for instance, that Moore's "'Lalla Rookh' is a failure," that "so, I think, is Byron's 'Manfred,'" and that "Old Mortallty" (author then unknown) is "superior to any of Walter Scott's works, especially those in prose!" is curious. There are, too, some interesting comments on foreign politics, from which I cull the following impression of Napoleon (Elba period), as he struck this intelligent contemporary:—

> The Emperor is corpulent, but not unwieldly . . . a good-looking man, but without the appearance of a gentleman. He is courteous, and has somewhat of a gracious manner, particularly in receiving people. At dinner, he ate eagerly and rapidly, and appeared to be a kind of *gourmand*. He was overflowing in his civilities to the English officers, and flattered the nation systematically and, indeed, fulsomely

Whishaw was, to tell the truth, what, had his times been ours, would have been called a pro-Bony. Most atrociously "Little England" were his sentiments. Just on the eve of Waterloo he wrote that "to engage in a war for the sake of the Bourbons would be quite unjustifiable, and more hopeless than in 1793," and that he was averse "to any war for Belgium, which cannot ultimately be retained against the power of France." Mr. Whishaw is dead, it is true, but after reading these noble words, it is soothing to reflect that, as the Boer War showed, his spirit lives after him. *The Pope of Holland House* is valuable, if only for the fact that it proves to us that educated little-Englandism is by no means a cult of to-day.

"Simple Annals"

Something decidedly fresh in the direction of short stories is *Simple Annals*, by M. E. Francis (Longmans), a collection of little tales of village life, of the kind with which the author has already gained no small reputation. There is a delightfully human vein running through the stories, in which, I may mention, the writer reveals some partiality for characters of a mature age. People who are tired of the eternal Edwin and Angelina will find here the love-emotions of the elderly treated in a most interesting and experienced fashion, though, of course, youth is by no means neglected.

Mrs. Humphry Ward in Good Form

"The marriage handicap," to use a journalistic phrase, is the theme of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Fenwick's Career* (Smith, Elder: 6s.). The ambitious, original young artist—Fenwick, from Westmoreland—married to Phœbe, decides to try his luck in London. Omits, from the best of motives, to take Phœbe and her child with him to share his privations and other things, and also, but undesignedly, omits to let it go forth to his fellow-artists and to the society to which he obtains an entry through acquaintance with a patronising peer, that there is a Phœbe in Westmoreland. Hence the peer's fascinating daughter, Eugènie, when having her portrait painted by Fenwick, does not observe the restraint that the knowledge of Phœbe's existence would have imposed on her, and becomes platonically attached to him in a way that causes a wrong impression to obtain. Phœbe gets the wrong impression, on a surreptitious visit to town, and drawing the conclusion that her husband's success has turned him from her, stabs the picture of Eugènie and retreats secretly, with her child, to Canada, leaving Fenwick to endure alone remorse, accentuated by the horrors of success succeeded by excess. Returns after many years to find her husband ruined, broken, but willing to reform. Reforms him, and so enables a restful, noble end to be put to the story. In a literary sense it is one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's best novels. The subject-matter may not strike the reader as superlatively exciting, but it is treated with a mastery of style and a quiet dignity that is in itself a delight.

Photo *J. Russell and Son*

Mrs. Humphry Ward

Who scores another triumph with "Fenwick's Career" (Smith, Elder), which is, in a literary sense, an advance on her previous work, though on a more restricted scale in the matter of plot

Old-Time Sea Stories

Mr. L. Cope Cornford is a short story writer to be reckoned with. *Parson Brand*, and other "voyagers' tales," mostly reveal an author who dwells sympathetically in the past, and who has an acute sense of the character and atmosphere of nautical life of bygone ages. The chief story, "Parson Brand," like Mr. Quiller Couch's "Mayor of Troy," runs back to the days of the great Georgian war with France, and, like that excellent yarn, has as its central situation the manœuvres of the press-gang in the kidnapping, for sea-service, of the unwilling. Mr. Cornford's story takes us to the Liverpool of that day, and gives us an illuminating picture of that city as it was when it was very much smaller. Parson Brand himself—a slave-boat captain, converted, and turned parson—is a fine and fascinating figure, though, from the reader's standpoint, the chief interest lies in the love between Martin, his son, and the daughter of the scholarly J.P., Sir Anthony Vaughan. The situation in which the latter, having plotted to "press" Martin for sea-service to get him away from his daughter, is unpleasantly "pressed" himself, if quite reminiscent of "Q's" Troy story, has a comedy flavour peculiar to itself, which, indeed, can be said of the bulk of Mr. Cornford's tales.

A Novel of Detail

In *Anthony Britten* (Constable), Mr. Herbert Macilwaine takes a situation rather than a plot as his material, but contrives, by means of minute detail and atmospheric skill, to hold attention. In a narrative sense, the book is distinctly laboured. The idea of the lucky Colonial miner, with a suddenly acquired fortune, returning to the family in rags, pretending poverty, just to test the feelings of his kin towards him, is not exactly a novel one, and such dramatic effect as might be given to it is made but poor use of. For the disclosure by the vagabond Anthony Britten, that he is rich, is made in the tamest and most unsensational fashion. The author, in fact, seems to be at pains to suppress the dramatic element altogether. Anthony Britten is impressed on us as a poor, spiritless creature in unnecessary rags, engaged in a purposeless deception of people not worth deceiving. With all his tameness, however, the book is one that can be read without weariness, if only because of the minute detail in which the author revels.

A Book of the Dead

An idea of undoubted originality is that on which Miss Katharine Tynan has been working for some years, viz.: *The Birthday Book of the Blessed Dead* (Hodder and Stoughton: 16s.). The desire is to provide a book with suitable poetic texts for every day of the year, in which one would enter the names of one's departed friends. Miss Tynan has, certainly, made a fine collection of scriptural, poetic, and literary passages, each having consolation as its key-note, though I cannot help characterising as somewhat morbid the individual who would wish to compile a "birthday book" of the names of the dead. This is, in fact, a case where, with every wish to praise a book as a literary compilation, one hopes that the demand for it will be of the most limited dimensions.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Turkey and Great Britain: Smyrna citizens discussing the chances of war

The news of the sailing from the Piræus (for an unknown destination) of a powerful British fleet spread like wildfire through the bazaars of the Levant seaports. Above is a photograph of the loungers in a street in Smyrna, eagerly talking over the chances of a bombardment of their city

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

"The Game of (Railroad) Kings"

Tennis—the game which also boasts of the proud and ancient title of "the game of kings"—is a game which, from its very nature, has such a small following that, when one speaks of it, it is necessary to explain that one is *not* speaking of its more modern and better-known rival, lawn tennis. But during the past fortnight, the annual contest for the Amateur Tennis Championship at Queen's Club has excited quite an unusual amount of public attention, by reason of the fact that in this game, as in so many others, America has produced a player who can hold his own with our very best. Mr. Jay Gould, the American Champion (son of the famous American Railroad King), who came over to have a shot at the English Championship, too, and was quite within measurable distance of winning it, is barely eighteen years of age, and yet so fine a player has he already become, that he waltzed through the preliminary competition without ever being extended, beat the holder of the second prize, V. H. Pennell, with the loss of one set, and only succumbed to the holder, E. H. Miles, after one of the toughest struggles that have been seen in tennis for many a year past. And now the question which is on everybody's lips is—what will he be like in a few years' time?

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Tennis Amateur Championship: Mr. Eustace Miles, the winner (left), and Mr. Jay Gould (right)

Mr. Miles, who defeated Mr. Jay Gould at Queen's Club on Wednesday by three sets to one, has held the Amateur Championship of the world every year (except one) since 1898. Mr. Gould, his seventeen-year-old opponent, is the Amateur Champion of America, and had not previously been beaten in this country

Warm Work for Everyone

While the Championship match was going on, the *dedans* was so crowded that the heat was barely supportable, but those who "stuck it out" (and among them were many lawn-tennis men, including the champions, R. F. and H. L. Doherty) were amply rewarded for their fortitude. Gould went away at the start, and led at 4—1, but Miles did a good pull-up, and only lost the set by 6—4, while the second he won in almost irresistible fashion by 6—1 In the third, matters looked none too rosy for England, when, after three-all, Miles, obviously put off by the unnecessarily noisy movements of some inconsiderate onlookers, dropped the seventh game; but he recovered himself in time to save the set, which he ultimately won at 6—4, while in the fourth he got the upper hand and kept it, winning ultimately at 6—3. Gould, as usual, relied to a large extent upon his service; he often sacrificed something in order to get over to the service side, and if his deliveries seemed less effective than before, it was mainly because of Miles's wonderful power of return. In defence Gould was marvellously quick and resourceful, particularly on the backhand side. On the forehand side he was by comparison weak, and Miles was quite clever enough to find this out and profit by it. In a game which teemed with masterly strokes of every description, Miles's play on to the *tambour* and into the *grille* (which he found no fewer than twenty-four times—once in four consecutive aces) and Gould's beautiful shots into the winning gallery were, perhaps, most noticeable. Another admirable thing was the good use made by Miles of the side-wall. In the art of laying down chases he also had a decided pull over his rival, but perhaps the real reason why he won was because he "went for" his man all the time, and tried to keep him on the defensive as much as possible. His predecessors had nearly always been content to play a defensive game themselves—a difficult thing to do against a man with such a pocketful of winning shots as Jay Gould. We are all glad that Miles has won, not only because he deserved to win, but because his victory means the repulse of an invader; but we shall, nevertheless, look forward with pleasure to the return of that same invader, because of the good form which he has shown—in both senses of the term.

Surrey's Good Start

Are Surrey going to be the "star" county of the present cricket season? Last week they won both their matches—against Northamptonshire and Leicestershire—by an innings and over 200 runs, and it is pretty clear that if they can continue as well as they have begun, they will take a lot of stopping. To their two big scores of 429 and 483, Hayward was the chief contributor, with 219 against Northants and 135 against Leicester, and in both these innings the runs were made at a remarkably fast pace; in the second, the rate of scoring was about one run a minute, mainly by means of hard drives between cover-point and mid-off. This is pretty good going even for Hayward. In bowling, too, Surrey are very much the reverse of weak, as is shown by the fact that 46 is the highest individual score made against them. N. A. Knox, J. N. Crawford, and Lees are evidently men who are not easily "collared."

To Encourage Soccer in America

With the idea of promoting the growth of Association football in America, and in the hope that it may in time supplant the somewhat barbarous game which is popular in the States at present, Sir Ernest Cochrane has presented a cup to be competed for in America by teams of all nations. The successful tour undertaken by the "Pilgrims" last season suggested the idea to the donor, who saw them play on several occasions, and promptly decided to take up the cause of Soccer along with them. It is understood that the "Pilgrims" are going out again next season, and intend, in the course of their pilgrimage, to compete for this cup—a particularly good specimen of Messrs. Elkington's work, as will be gathered from the illustration which appears on this page.

Cup for American Soccer

The trophy presented by Sir Ernest Cochrane to be competed for by all nations, in the United States

T. Hayward

Who made the substantial scores of 219 against Northants and 135 against Leicester last week

Australasia and the Davis Cup

It appears to be quite certain that Norman Brookes is not coming again this year to represent Australasia in the International lawn-tennis matches. We heard first of all that he was coming; then that he had actually started; then that he had died on the voyage. The audacity of this last piece of fiction—now that we know it to be such—is quite entertaining. Australasia will accordingly have to rely on her representatives now located in England, and, in spite of the fact that A. F. Wilding has "come on" no end since last year, this means that she is confronted with almost too stiff a task, for it is not by any means certain that she will be able to count upon the assistance of Dr. W. V. Eaves. Last year, Eaves, who is undoubtedly qualified by birth to represent Australia, offered to hold himself in readiness to play in the Internationals if wanted; but his offer was declined, on the ground that he was not "sufficiently qualified"—a peculiarly inane proposition, as was pointed out in THE BYSTANDER at the time; for a man must be either qualified or not. It looks very much as if the Australasian executive thought they could do without him, and accordingly adopted his silly method of passing him over. However, this year, with players at a premium, they have changed their minds, and invited him to form one of the team. It is a little doubtful whether the Doctor will quite see the force of the compliment. He may well ask how it comes about that if he was not qualified last year he can be qualified this? And since there is no answer to the question, he may perhaps elect to stand down. The third of Australia's representatives in England is L. O. S. Poidevin, the Lancashire cricketer, who has been appointed captain of the team.

"THE BYSTANDER" PRESENTATION OF RACKETS

Last year the efforts of THE BYSTANDER to assist in rendering less thankless the task of a lawn-tennis umpire, by the offer of a number of umpires' prizes at various tournaments throughout the season, were so much appreciated that a renewal of the project has been decided upon. THE BYSTANDER intends to present fifty rackets this year. No better form of prize could well be hit upon than a "Mass" racket, for should the winner not be the possessor of one, he has a pleasure yet in store, while, should he have one already, he is generally only too pleased to secure another. Tournament secretaries, therefore, who are desirous of availing themselves of our offer to supply a racket for umpiring at open tournaments are invited to communicate with the Editor, at the offices of this paper, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

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SKETCHED AT MESSRS. MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE'S BY K. PLEYDEL YOUNG

Costumes for the Season

This season, I am deeply persuaded, is going to be a test one. Just what the verdict will be at the end of it is open to much interesting surmise. Delicate frocks will have but a short existence, lacking the insistent accompaniment of a light dust wrap, and these last, in consequence, will run to a premium. Meanwhile, Hyde Park is closed from four o'clock to seven to all unfortunate folk owning exclusively petrol-driven vehicles. The distinction that is made is just a little intolerable, and it will be greatly to the credit of their patience and long suffering if the denizens of Park Lane do not shortly protest against the hopelessly jammed condition of their sacred purlieus. That we are verily touching an *impasse*, in point of traffic conditions, no one, with two grains of intelligence, can possibly doubt.

Vienna as a Modistic Centre

As will be readily surmised by those in the know of things sartorial, dress is privileged to take quite a notable part in the Show at Earl's Court, which is very largely of an industrial order. There are several

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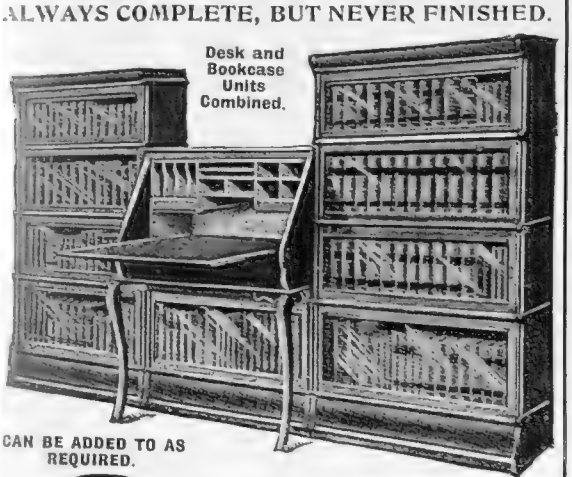
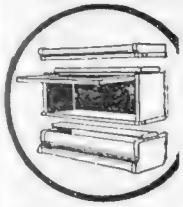


CAN BE ADDED TO AS REQUIRED.



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imposing cases of costumes, but, with the exception of some of the simpler tailor-mades—for the creation whereof the Viennese hold a special diploma—the examples are chiefly of the stereotyped exhibition order, extravagant and grandiose, whose chief appreciation will lie in the hands of the populace, their *crescendo* on the familiar "oh!" note telling a significant story of merely startled attention. Exhibition dress, like Exhibition hair-dressing, is merely for the self-glorification of a small technically attuned community. Its practical value is *nil*.

The Austrian Exhibition, however, as a whole, is decidedly interesting, with more than the usual number of side-shows. The Helter-Skelter Lighthouse is truly typical of life. You toil up, burdened by the weight of a cocoa-nut mat, representing work, this subsequently assisting towards an easy, invigorating slide down to Mother Earth, which receives you with the usual bump. Try it! It certainly helps towards the philosophising spirit.

A House Without Rival

To all those present and concerned, I make bold proclamation that there is no rival to Marshall and Snelgrove in the land. No wonder the following they have is large and loyal, for quietly and without any undue parade this is a firm that contrives to meet the needs of every case. Some, perchance, who are a little out of the swim, might hesitate to search at Marshall's for, say, the inexpensive little linen gown, whereas no one is in a more sound position to produce such, at profit alike to themselves and the purchaser. 78*s*. 6*d*. is the standard price of a remarkable range of really smart linen costumes, and also certain simple but eminently stylish muslin slip frocks. Here is an example of the former. A delicate shade of mauve linen, the skirt pleated and fitted with a corselet-belt effect, concluding at the back in a Brobdingnagian buckle of the linen—a supremely original touch—surmounted by a blouse bodice, tastefully ornamented with narrow *plissé* frills of lace and groups of tiny white buttons, united by a fine white cord.

On the muslin model a discreet amount of good Valenciennes lace is introduced, enhanced by light *bouillonnées* of the muslin, a *soupçon* of Irish fine *dentelle* on the yoke further serving to distinguish the creation as of the immediate moment.

Also, at the same price, or thereabouts, and most desirable in every way, are some neat tailor costumes of cream alpaca and serge, the coatees lined silk, and relieved by delicate braid applications, or various addenda of that description. But in every case, the invariable impression left, is that just the right touch has been imparted, which speaks volumes for the artistic intelligence at the back of things.

While, as evidence of more *récherché* doings, there is that pictured visiting or race robe of white Irish lace, inset with lines of guipure. The beautifully moulded Princesse skirt is supplemented by a bolero of the same *dentelle*, softened at the edges by frills of narrow Valenciennes edgings, the latter being again requisitioned in the cause of the filmy Indian lawn blouse, lightly fulled on in horizontal lines, above which some tasteful applications of the Irish lace offer an artistic connection with the rest of the gown.

For Ascot and the like representative rendezvous, Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove hold a number of exclusive designs, that are alone revealed to the privileged.

A beautiful Dresden group at Miss Falcke's, 4, Orchard Street

The Eternal Obligation

My case is not alone. There are many others in a like plight, of possessing little and yet compelled to give often in the interesting cause of Hymen. To hesitate as to where one shall go and what one shall buy is to be lost at once. That, also, I know full well. Mercifully, though, a solution to this insistent demand has been granted me, and from this time forth, on the verified rumour of a wedding, I propose to make a bee line for Miss Falcke, 4, Orchard Street.

Miss Falcke aims at placing, within the range of the average income, the possession of some genuine antique piece of china, silver, lace, or furniture. There is no question at all, but that, given a limited sum to spend, an antique is always infinitely better value than any modern production at a like price, and you invariably have the satisfaction of seeing it a long-treasured prominent possession, not to say the nucleus of some subsequently elaborated collector's scheme.

My procedure is to confide frankly in Miss Falcke what I have to expend, or thereabouts, and then leave it with her to advise whether the best value at the moment is obtainable in silver, china, or lace, or furniture, or needlework pictures. The latter, I may say, *en passant*, are a great vogue just now, and Miss Falcke has a really remarkable collection.

To those more generously blessed than we poor ordinary folk, I would commend a speedy visit, and unhesitating acquisition of a Spode dinner service, of such magnitude and completeness as to suggest a small banquet, some pieces whereof, when I visited 4, Orchard Street, chanced to find a telling enough background on a peculiarly fine specimen of a dresser—Welsh.

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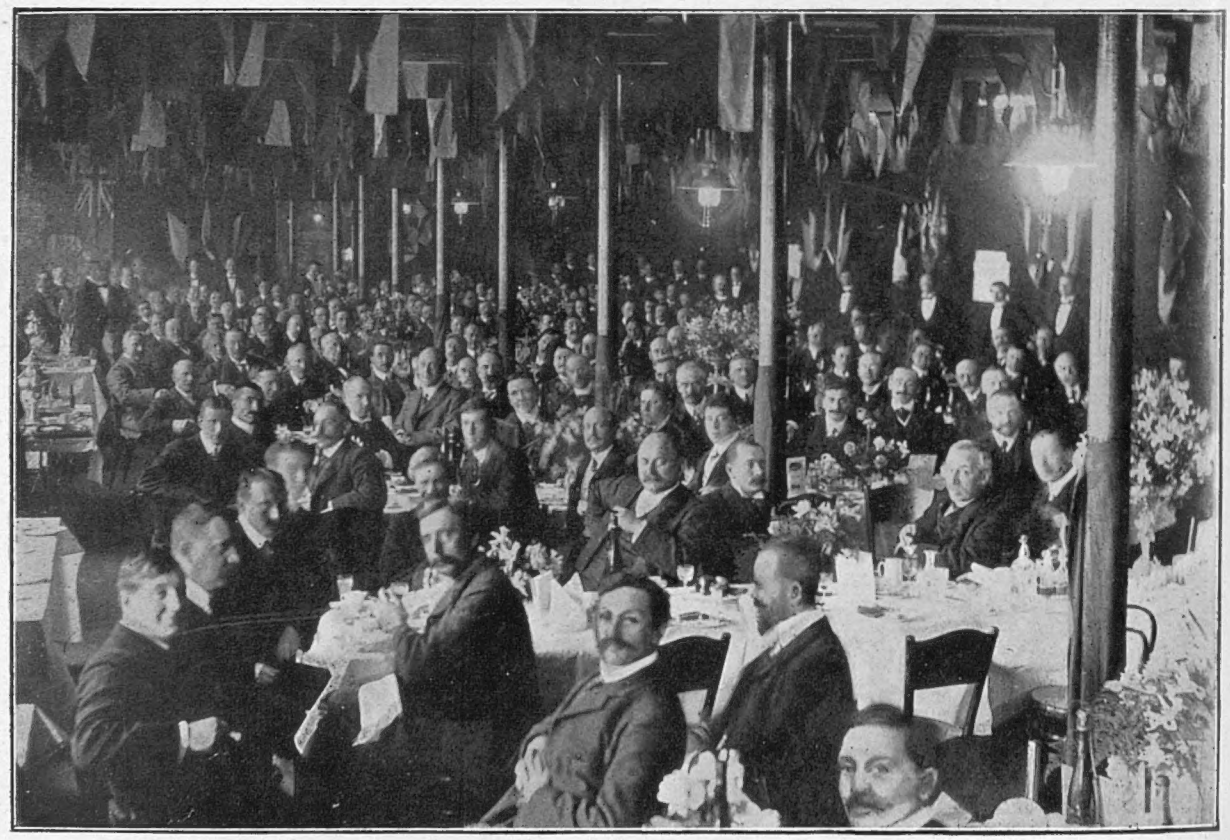
Automobile Topics.

Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Provincial Progress

There is, undoubtedly, a great wave of automobile activity spreading over the provinces at the present time. We saw at Coventry the other day evidence of the remarkable progress made by the great Daimler Company in recent years, and at Birmingham, Glasgow, Dublin, and other centres, a similarly satisfactory state of things obtains. This industrial activity may be traced in great measure to the zeal displayed by the numerous automobile clubs which now abound in most of the chief centres of population. These clubs, affiliated to the parent body, the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, are remarkable for the enthusiastic spirit of their members, the number and interesting nature of competitions held throughout the season, and the excellent organisation which invariably characterises the conduct of these functions. Without making invidious comparisons, it may be remarked that in organising and successfully carrying out hill-climbs, reliability tests, and gymkhanas, many of the provincial clubs with which I am acquainted have nothing to learn from Piccadilly or anywhere else. One of the foremost of such clubs is the Nottinghamshire, which, from a nucleus of eleven members who banded themselves together in October, 1900, has increased to a roll of 164 adherents to-day. Mr. Charles Hardy, of Bulwell Hall, President of the Notts Club, is a familiar figure at all motor gatherings, but bestows especial attention upon his immediate neighbourhood. Mr. Hardy is extremely catholic in taste, and owns quite a little fleet of cars, including Daimler, Richard-Brasier, Georges-Richard, and Delahaye models. He is ably supported in club matters by his Vice-Presidents, Lieut.-Col. R. L. Birkin, Mr. G. H. Kirk, Mr. G. H. Cowen, and Mr. E. W. Wells, and by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Booth-Granger. At the recent inaugural meet of the season, held by permission of the Duke of Portland in the private grounds of Welbeck, some remarkable performances were achieved. The principal events were the flying kilomètre handicap for touring cars, in which Mr. Hogarth's 12-16 h.-p. Talbot and Mr. Spencer Downing's 10 h.-p. Alldays tied for first place, and a scratch race for higher-powered cars over a similar distance. Although



Progress of the British motor industry

The Daimler Company of Coventry entertained this assembly of well-known motorists at luncheon on the occasion of the opening of their new works extension. This British factory now turns out more high-powered cars in the course of the year than any other in the world

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owing to the fact that the cars were marshalled inside the park, and consequently did not get so good a run to the actual starting line as has been the case at former meetings at Welbeck when the open road leading to the ducal gates was requisitioned, the times were singularly good.

As an illustration of what the modern touring automobile is capable when pressed, I append some particulars of the performances of leading cars. Mr. E. W. Wells, on a 30-40 h.-p. Daimler, dashing over the line in grand style, covered the kilomètre in 35 2-5 sec., a rate of travelling equal to 63·18 miles an hour. Mr. Frederick Coleman's 18 h.-p. White steam-car ran a good second, with a recorded time of 36 3-5 sec., or 61·2 m.p.h. This, by the way, is a really remarkable performance, when one remembers that White steam-cars are generally considered to do better relatively up-hill than on the level.

On the preceding Friday, members will have an opportunity of viewing works typical of all that is best in British motor construction, as the Daimler, Wolseley, and Lanchester Companies will throw open their factories for inspection. The committee meeting will be held at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, on Saturday forenoon, and after luncheon, a motor gymkhana, in aid of the funds of the Moseley Convalescent Hospital, has been arranged to take place in the grounds of Moseley Hall. The combined dinner of the M.A. Club and the Motor Union will be assimilated at the Grand Hotel at 7.30 p.m. It is anticipated that there will be a strong muster of prominent automobilists from all parts of the country, and readers of THE BYSTANDER who desire full particulars of the various events and entry forms, may have them on application to Mr. T. H. Ryland, J.P., hon. sec., at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham

Photo] **Provincial automobilism** *[Topical Agency*

Cars assembled in a meadow at the foot of Laindon Hill on the occasion of the climb organised by the Essex County Automobile Club

Mr. J. C. Wilson's 28-36 h.-p. Daimler had a racing body fitted for the occasion, and was first favourite at the start, but could do no better than 37 3-5 sec. (59·45 m.p.h.), owing probably to the fact that the car was light, or not properly geared for the track. Mr. F. A. Bolton's 30-40 h.-p. Daimler achieved 59·13 m.p.h.; and then came Mr. J. Doran's 22 h.-p. Minerva (53·23), Mr. Claude Johnson's 20 h.-p. Rolls-Royce (49.89), and Mr. Ross-Browne's 15-24 h.-p. Richard-Brasier at 44·89 miles an hour. Except for slight intermittent showers, the weather was bright and fine, and the road was in splendid condition. The Notts A.C. may be congratulated upon a highly successful gathering.

Motor Union Meeting

Saturday, May 26, when the meeting of the General Committee of the Motor Union will be held at Birmingham, is to be signalised by the Midland Automobile Club in a manner worthy of the occasion. The members of the Midland Club, who are to be the hosts of the Union, have arranged a varied and highly attractive programme.

Essex County A.C.

Although but a stripling in years compared with some other county clubs, the Essex County Automobile Club already shows surprising vigour. Members assembled in force for the hill-climb at Laindon Hill in Essex, and were entertained by Sir Joseph Dimsdale, whose grounds stand conveniently adjacent, as the Dublin orator remarked of Kilmainham Gaol. The length of the hill is about four furlongs, the steepest gradient being one in ten, quite a respectable climb for the flattest county in England. Competing cars were stopped for half a minute during the ascent and restarted. Best times were accomplished by Mr. J. R. B. Newman's 18 h.-p. Mercédès (2 min. 24 1-5 sec.), Mr. J. Gurney Fowler's 24 h.-p. Panhard (2 min. 26 3-5 sec.), Mr. C. E. Castellan's 24 h.-p. Elswick (2 min. 51 2-5 sec.), Mr. F. L. Forde's 7 h.-p. Star (3 min. 1 4-5 sec.), and Miss Edith Miller's 10 h.-p. Panhard (3 min. 32 3-5 sec.). Some of the cars occupied as long as six minutes, including stop, while four were unable to ascend under the conditions of the handicap.